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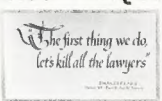

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MOBS AND GANGS

APRIL 1978 VOL. 2 NO. 2

MAFIA TORTURE & EXECUTION SQUADS 4
PUNKS PLUNDER, TORTURE, MURDER SENIOR CITIZENS 8
DEVIL CULTS! ARE THEY AFTER YOUR? 12
THE ANGELS OF DEATH 20
THE NEW CHINESE KILLER GANGS 28
UNDER INVESTIGATION 36
WHY GANGS COMMIT SEX CRIMES 38
SAVAGE STREET GANGS ARE COMMITTING SLAUGHTER 46
TERROR IN RURAL AMERICA 52
FUGITIVE CAPS HIGH-SPEED FLIGHT WITH SUICIDE 56

MAFIA TORTURE AND EXECUTION SQUADS

Death Was Usually a Long, Drawn Out and Painful Ordeal When the Goon Boys Went to Work

By John Kidner

■Charles "Chuck" Crimaldi was born and raised in a tough, but closely knit Italian neighborhood on Chicago's northside. His mother was a widow who, despite her constant efforts, could not keep her youngest son out of trouble. His first arrest occurred when he was only nine years old, for breaking into a neighbor's house and stealing two shotguns, a .45 caliber revolver, and several boxes of ammunition.

This was just the first of many visits to the Juvenile Home for young Chuck, who was to be arrested nine more times, on various charges, while still only a juvenile. When he was 17, however, he agreed to help his older brother, Tony, burglarize a gas station. The job was a bust and Tony and another accomplice were caught by the police—only Chuck escaped.

FOUND FINGERPRINT

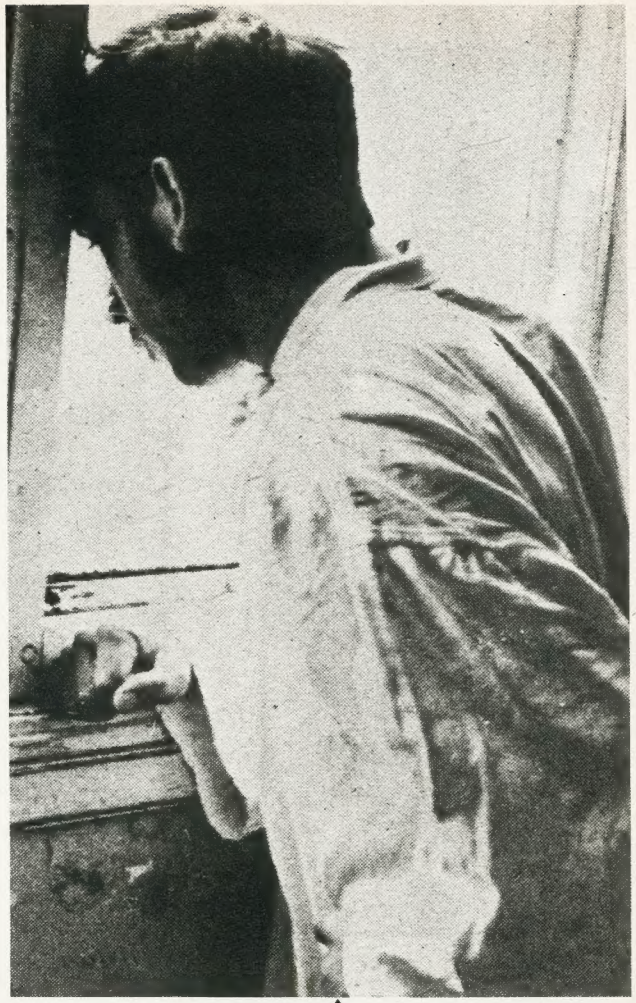
A fingerprint left at the scene was discovered, however, and a warrant was issued for Chuck's arrest. Crimaldi turned himself in and accepted full responsibility for the break-in, thus clearing Tony and his accomplice. Chuck drew a five-year prison sentence. Word quickly spread throughout the Chicago underworld that Chuck Crimaldi was a "stand up guy."

It was during his prison stay that Chuck was first contacted by Sam DeStefano, the undisputed loan shark king of Chicago in the late 1950s and early '60s. DeStefano admired Chuck's qualities of loyalty mixed with brutality, and wanted to train him to be the muscle or "enforcer" for his ruthless money-lending operation.

Chuck accepted Sam's offer and upon his release from prison began to repay DeStefano for coming to his aid. The sadistic torture-murder of Leo Foreman was perhaps the bloodiest installment made by Chuck in repaying his debt of loyalty to DeStefano. Crimaldi's description of this execution is definitely not for the squeamish.

Leo Foreman, six feet, two inches tall and 270 pounds, towered over Crimaldi. His size and his bulk, therefore, made his uneasiness seem out of place. "I tell you, Chuckie," he said nervously, "if they ever find me in the trunk of a car, it will be Sam DeStefano that put me there."

◀Syndicate justice is swift, as in case of underworld figure Bartholomew Garofalo, found shot to death in Brooklyn vacant lot.



▲Volunteering to spend time in the joint for a fellow hood is praised by the mob.

With that statement, Foreman added a dimension to his shallow character—that of a prophet. For, within a few months, he would die a lingering death at Sam's hands and those of the man in whom he was confiding.

The utterance was brought on by DeStefano's maniacal rage at the conclusion of a trial for, of all things, a minor traffic violation. Sam, driving downtown, had made an incorrect turn and was stopped and ticketed by a patrolman. Instead of paying the small fine, he insisted on a trial. When the time came for his hearing he brought Leo, Chuck, and a few other cronies with him. Leo was present because he was allegedly a friend of Judge Cecil Smith, who heard the case. The rest were there to keep Sam company, to feed his ego, and to be an audience for his performance, because he was planning to serve as his own attorney.

COURTROOM ANTICS

As usual, his courtroom antics and his sneering contempt for the proceedings, while they amused his friends,

were too much for the Court. So, although he was found innocent of the traffic charge, he was fined several hundred dollars for contempt of court.

Feeling that his prestige had been dealt a blow, that he had been humiliated in the presence of his underlings, Sam fell into a slobbering rage, wildly cursing everybody in sight; the court officials and officers and the judge were not spared. The worst abuse, however, he directed at Leo. Sam had been sure that Leo's "friendship" with the judge would allow him an extravagant courtroom performance and insure that he would be let off.

The story would then provide many evenings of boasting about his successes while acting as his own lawyer.

At the time, Leo was in his mid-30s. He had spent a lifetime in crime and was known for his blind viciousness and a cruel streak that would have made him an outcast in headhunter country. Women, and even children, were not exempt from his sadism.

JUICE COLLECTOR

Foreman had been collecting juice (loan shark payments) for Sam for nearly three years, the same length of time he had known Chuck. He had been a fairly good collector, but he often let the job suffer because of his other interests—hijacking, passing bad checks, swindling, forgery, and confidence schemes. His reputation in the underworld, however, was that of a big fence. He was able to sell any piece of stolen merchandise, whether an individual item or a tractor-trailer lot, and do so at a better-than-average price.

Neither Sam nor Chuck liked Foreman. They tolerated him because he could sometimes be useful and he was a good collector. But to Sam, who made a fetish of being clean, Leo was the epitome of everything loathesome and foul. Chuck, as a protege of Sam's, viewed Leo at best as a loudmouthed slob. Indeed, those who knew Leo knew that he shunned the shower and was reluctant to change his clothes—even his shirt—until being close to him became so unbearable that a few cursing reminders shamed him to water.

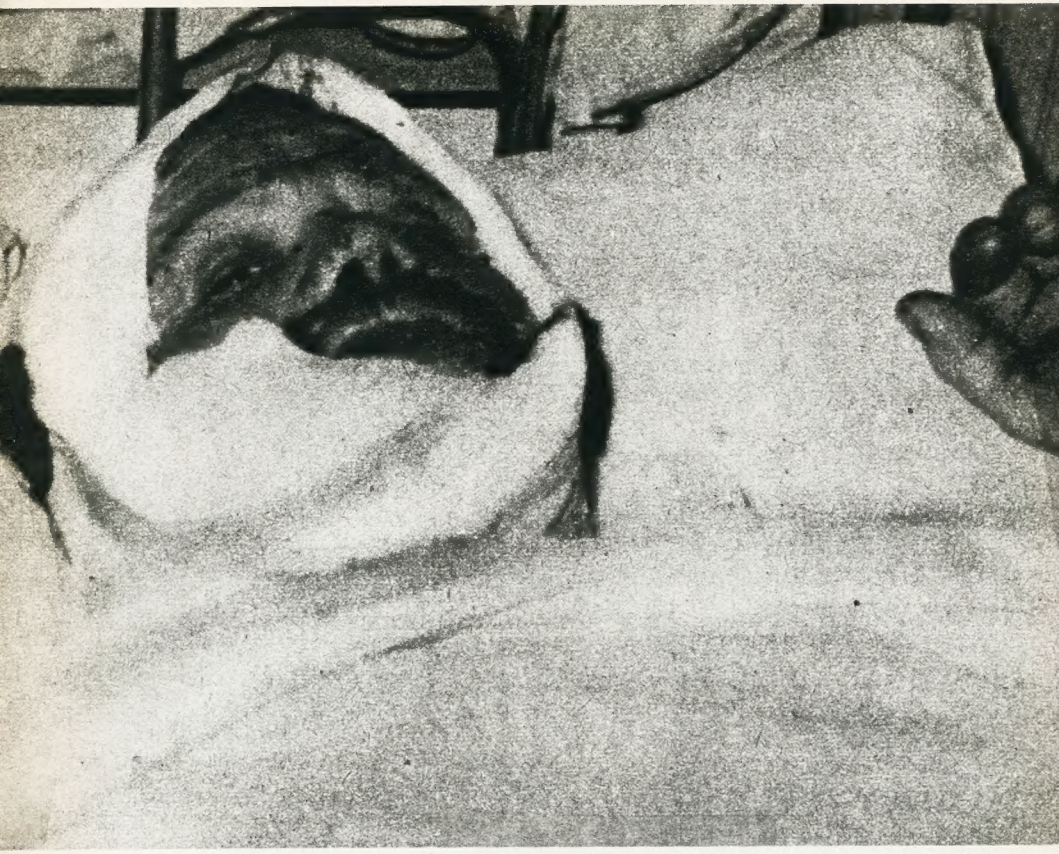
But more than his personal hygiene, his incessant, boisterous bragging worked on their nerves. He bragged about the jobs he had done, the people he knew high up in elected circles and in the "Outfit," the way he could handle the police, and the way he could get juice from a runner. Indeed, he shot off his mouth to the possible jeopardy of those whom he knew, as well as those whom he merely said he knew.

CON MAN

In spite of faults, however, there was a characteristic about him that made people believe him when he was setting up a confidence game. Once, for example, he sold some influential people in Carpentersville on a plan to offer emergency towing service and cheap insurance to "members" of a club he would soon organize there. To promote the scheme, he held a dinner party for some of the local luminaries. Among those attending were Police Chief James Klankhamer and Magistrate Jimmy Scott, as well as several police officials from other countries. Leo was introduced that night by Judge Smith. The scheme never reached fruition.

Sam's dislike for Leo was started along the road to hatred the day Leo was unable to "deliver" through his association with Judge Smith. At about the same time, Sam had heard rumors that Chuck might be doing some hijacking and fencing the goods through Leo. Sam, of course, believed that Chuck was being led into the moonlighting and that Foreman was responsible.

Adding to Leo's problems, Sam discovered beyond all doubt that Foreman was cheating him on his loan collections. He was lending out Sam's money and pocketing the interest. A few quick checks with customers verified the truth, and it amounted to $5,000.



CAUGHT HOLDING OUT

On the morning of the discovery, Sam went to Leo's office (Leo also operated a legitimate bail bond service) and accused him. Confronted with the evidence and the threat of "testimony," Leo could only admit that he might have made some arithmetic mistakes. Sam began slowly and systematically to curse Foreman, using all the familiar expressions and adding some new ones. The threats against his person went far beyond the ice pick, acid, and pigs.

At that, Foreman pulled a gun and ordered Sam out of his office. That was a fatal misjudgment. Whereas the misadventure of the trial and the cheating could be wiped off with a beating, the degrading position Sam had been forced into by an underling, whom he considered less than dirt, could be avenged only by murdering him.

Sam's rage drove him into a physical illness. As he left Foreman's office, he was unable to speak. The only threat he made to the gunsel was spoken by the expression on his face. He stormed home, calling Mario (his brother) and Chuck as soon as he got there. When they arrived, Sam had recovered somewhat, but still choking with rage, he told them that he wanted Leo killed.

For his part, Leo realized at once that he had made a deadly mistake, and began to take precautions. He was never seen alone anymore, and he was extremely careful with whom he talked, where he went, and how much he drank. His precautions caused Chuck many a sleepless night over the next months as he stood stake-out, hoping to catch Leo alone even for a few minutes. The days and nights dragged by but Leo was not to be set up.

He should have known better than to challenge "mob justice."

FATAL MISTAKE

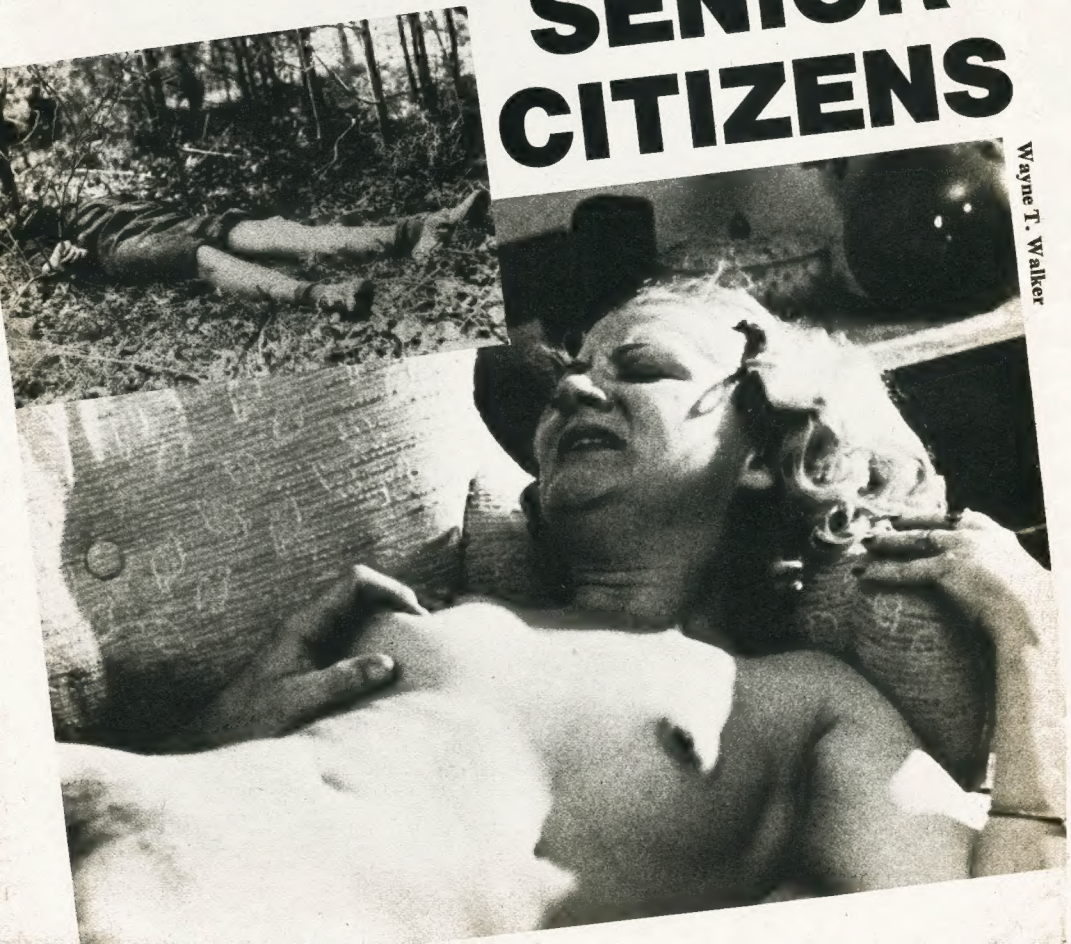
Then one day Chuck learned that Leo was to be alone in his office. Hurriedly he informed Sam, who in turn called Mario. The three met at Sam's house where Sam gave Chuck a .32 revolver. En route to Leo's office, Sam worked himself up to the screaming stage.

"I want to take that bastard's eyes out of his goddamned head! I wish to Christ I got permission from Mooney (Salvatore Giancana) to kill that son-of-a-bitch a long time ago. Goddamn him! Making money with my money and then not payin' me what he owes me!"

They burst into Leo's office: it was empty. But this false alarm was different from the others that had

(Continued on page 58)

PUNKS TORTURE, MURDER SENIOR CITIZENS



Wayne T. Walker

■The so-called "golden years" of senior citizenship in America are for many neither golden nor imbued with the full rights most of us associate with being a U.S. citizen. Consider the following items:

•**With an intense savagery,** an elderly man in Baltimore was stabbed 30 times with a screwdriver. As if that weren't enough, the sadistic assailant wrapped rags soaked in an inflammable liquid around the 78-year old man and set them afire. By the time the man was found, his legs were completely burned off. The police could not figure out a motive.

•**In Newton, Massachusetts, an 82-year-old lawyer** and his wife were bound and brutally bludgeoned to death.

•**A trio of young thugs** in New Orleans barbarically raped and tortured a 74-year-old spinster with more than 200 wounds from an ice pick. Since these were not deep enough to cause death, just intense pain, the helpless woman was stabbed between 15 and 20 times with a kitchen knife. The knife thrusts fractured several of her ribs.

To finish her off, one of the boys hit her on the head, fracturing her skull and tearing off an ear. The only item stolen of any value was a color television set, which was recovered when the boys were arrested.

•**While appealing a 1976 conviction** in the slaying of a St. Louis County widow, a 20-year-old youth was indicted on a first-degree murder charge in the slaying of an elderly Olivette, Missouri, widow. Her body was found in her burning home.

Six separate fires had been set in the house. The woman had suffered three puncture wounds in the throat and two wounds in the head.

•**An elderly Oklahoma City woman** was fiercely beaten, sexually assaulted and robbed. By the time a neighbor woman discovered her, she had died from the terrible head blows.

Life for senior citizens is no longer the "golden years" of peace and tranquility; for many it is a period of frustration and terror.

Frustration because rising inflation shrinks their savings and scant income; terror from fear of being mugged and robbed on the streets or a "push-in" robbery at home by youthful hoodlums.

◀An uncaring society has turned its back on old people, one of our greatest potential national resources, who might be otherwise counseling young people, preparing them for a useful life, instead of—as is true in too many cases—cowering behind closed doors because a callous society won't take effective steps to protect them against violence at the hands of young punks.

Old people are considered so helpless and unable to protect themselves that robberies involving such helpless victims are referred to as "crib jobs" by the so-called toughies.

"Yeah," growled one police officer, "it's like taking candy away from

Our senior citizens are helpless against crimes of violence even in our nation's nursing homes. At one in St. Louis, screams from 76-year-old man one night went unheeded. Next day he was found stabbed to death. No one was charged.

Too often our older apartment buildings, where occupancy by our elderly citizens is frequently high, are scenes of brutal crimes against helpless residents living out their final years—all because a thoughtless society fails to provide minimal security measures to protect them against the growing gangs of young hoods across our nation who have found old people easy marks.

some little kid."

The majority of our senior citizens are living on a fixed, limited income and a monetary loss can mean not having enough to eat or not being able to pay their rent and utilities. If they are beaten or even thrown down, the abuse may lead to complications which, in some cases, might result in death. Almost all of them suffer a terrible psychological damage—they become paralyzed with fear.

In the Bronx, which has the greatest concentration of elderly in New York City, over 600 "crib jobs" were committed, 34 ending in the murder of an old person, and a total of 200

(Continued on page 61)

MEN WOMEN

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RAPE, CRUCIFIXION AND DESECRATION HIGHLIGHT RESURGENCE OF DEVIL CULTS

■A shocking new wave of death-and-torture dispensing Satanists have caused authorities to look more closely at the centuries-old cults of devil worshippers. Among recent incidents of diabolically perverted death rites are:

•**Patrick Michael Newell wanted** nothing more than to join his hero, Stan, in hell; so he ordered two teen-age pals to drown him in a New Jersey pond. "I want to join Satan and he wants me to join him. I will lead 40 leagues of demons in hell," he told them before they shoved him into the dark waters.

• "I waited until I saw she was enjoying it, then I slit her throat," boasted **Samuel DeNichola,** an avowed Satanist, as he told a New York court how he first raped, then butchered a pretty coed.

• **Karen Swoboda, an 18-year-old** college freshman, thought it was cool to be selected as Satan's bride by her fellow cultists at college. But she had not expected to be brutally raped and then crucified head down by them.

• **Ross Michael Cochran was proud** to be the member of a Satanic cult. The trouble was, he talked too much about it to the wrong people. As a result, his fellow cultists turned him into a boneless hulk in a bizarre torture chamber, then tossed his body into a palmetto thicket.

• **Members of a Chicago devil sect,** believing the child carried by one of their members was Satan's son, ripped the fetus from her 14-year-old body and left her to bleed to death in a trash bin.

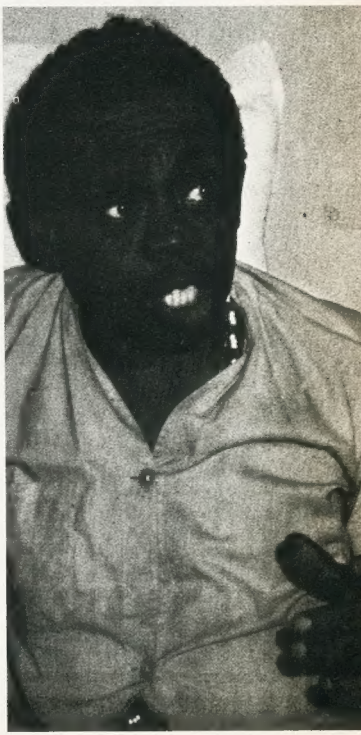
As horrible as these incidents might be, they are only five of a growing wave of monstrous crimes resulting from the practices and beliefs of Satanist and other demonic cults over the past five years, authorities claim.

2,000 Ritual Murders

At a recent conference of law enforcement agencies in Dallas, Jack Lee Covington, a former FBI agent and captain in the Texas Rangers, told colleagues that ritual murders and connected crimes exceeded 2,000 during 1976:

"It used to be that only weirdos committed such crimes, but now we're finding that even so-called well-adjusted kids from respectable families are looking for kicks by raping and butchering each other."

Speaking at the same conference, Dr. Maureen Sycorski, a Chicago Psychologist and criminologist,



Tun-Tun is the mysterious leader of a Satanic cult that operates in Detroit, St. Louis, Milwaukee, Chicago and a number of smaller cities.

blamed the growth of such crimes on the increasing use of drugs and the morbid fascination with occult matters among young people in recent years.

She said movies and books such as **The Exorcist, Rosemary's Baby,** and **The Omen** are playing a profound role in influencing people, especially the young, to dabble with witchcraft and Satanism.

"When the dabblers have unstable personalities and fool around with drugs, the result is often horrifying," she said.

"All America seems to be fascinated with the occult, particularly Satanism," she said, pointing out that a recent Harris Poll shows that more than one out of every three Americans believe in the existence of the Devil and his ability to possess human bodies and souls.

"That's a rather remarkable figure. It means that about 72 million of us accept the existence of the Devil and his power to control us.

"Among these people there are bound to be a great many with severe mental problems and/or who use drugs, such as marijuana, hashish, peyote and LSD, which are capable of clouding reality.

"It's no wonder, then, that there has been such an increase in crimes stemming from occult origins or in which the criminal claims he was 'possessed' when he committed a crime," she said.

Paranoids

Dr. Sycorski and other mental health experts reject actual demonic possession and label such criminals as paranoids, usually schizophrenics.

"But whether possession is real or merely a mental aberration is not important. What is important is that the "possessed" believe they are. By believing they're being compelled to commit crimes against their will, they are free to do what they want, no matter how cruel or unnatural," she explained.

"By convincing oneself that he or she is possessed by or serving the Devil, the personification of all imaginable evil, the possessed person is able to commit all the sick acts lurking in a personality already on the brink of coming apart," she added.

Many experts claim assassins like Lee Harvey Oswald and Sirhan Sirhan "hypnotize" themselves into believing they are being commanded by unknown, all-powerful forces to perform their reprehensible acts.

Charles Manson, convicted for the bloody, senseless Sharon Tate and LaBianco murders, claimed to be the son of Satan. Like Patrick Newell, Manson expected to lead an army of demons from the "darkest pit."

Joseph DeLouise, a parapsychologist who has worked on hundreds of murder cases with police from coast to coast, claims executed murderer Gary Gilmore was convinced that he, too, had a pact with the Devil and would return from the dead.

Literal Possession

But, while pragmatic experts like Dr. Sycorski say people such as Manson, Oswald and Newell suffer from mental disorders, there are those who believe in possession in the literal sense.

"Science has taken away man's fear of the Devil, leaving him vulnerable to demonic possession in the strict sense of the word," says Father Fred Neimyere, a Jesuit preist and an exorcist.

"The Bible warns us to fear Satan, not to laugh at him. Science's supercilious attitude encourages people to experiment with occult matters, leaving them open to the demons," he adds.

Karen Swoboda was one of those who thought it would be "cool" to experiment with the occult. A pretty girl whom her friends describe as "sweet but a little naive," was coaxed into joining a Satanic cult on the University of Illinois campus this past October.

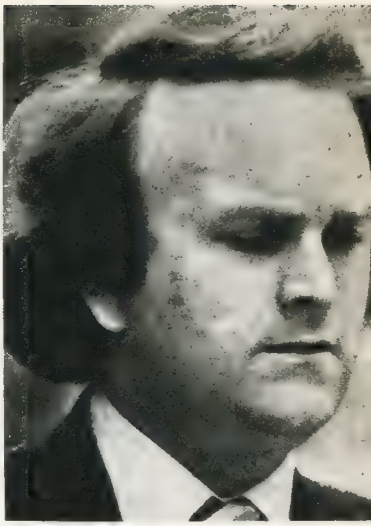
The man who coaxed her was Jack Livingston, 24, a Vietnam veteran. According to her friends at school, Karen knew Livingston had a reputation for being strange but seemed not to care.

"When she came to the U. of I, Karen was such a sweet girl," recalls Jill Haller, her college roommate. "She even admitted she was a virgin, and sounded proud of it.

"Then she started going around with Livingston. I don't know how it got started, but I tried to warn her about him and his friends—about their weird habits, their fooling around with drugs and all. But she just wouldn't listen. It was as if Livingston had her under a spell," Ms. Haller told agents of the Illinois Bureau of Investigation in January.

Wild Sex Orgies

"When she said she had become a member of their club or whatever they called it, I told her a lot of the kids said they went in for wild sex orgies," she continued.



Jack Lee Covington, a former FBI agent and captain in the Texas Rangers, told colleagues at a conference that ritual murders and connected crimes exceeded 2,000 in 1976.

"Karen called me a liar and said Livingston never tried to 'hit' on her. In fact, the cult had selected her to be the Devil's Bride. She said that meant she had to remain a virgin until her initiation in December at least and that Livingston or any of the others were forbidden to even talk to her about sex," Ms. Haller recalls.

Karen went to Florida with her new friends over the Christmas holidays. Her initiation took place in a pine grove near Pahokie, Fla.

Clinton Lawson, a special investigator with the Palm Beach County Sheriff's Department, was one of the first on the scene the following morning, Friday, December 19.

"It was like something straight from hell," he remembers.

"There was this little clearing in a clump of pine trees. It looked as if pigs had been slaughtered. There was blood all over the place, on the ground, on trees, and on a gravestone that had been dragged there from somewhere.

"And right in the middle was this upside-down cross with this young girl hanging from it, head down. She was naked, but you could hardly tell from all the blood on her.

Raped By Buzzsaw

"Her throat had been cut, neat and clean, as if by a very sharp hog knife or straight razor, and her privates had been ripped and torn, as though she'd been raped by buzzsaw. I don't think there was a drop of blood left in her body," he added.

Livingston and eight other members of the cult were arrested in Miami two days after the New Year.

When questioned about the excessive brutality, one of the cultists said it had been necessary to totally defile the girl before Satan would accept her as a worthy sacrifice.

Livingston and the others are currently under psychiatric observation.

A few weeks later, on January 26, the nude body of a 14-year-old high school girl was found in an alley trash bin on Chicago's northside. Death came as the result of a large knife wound on her neck, which ran from ear to ear, according to the Cook County Coroner's office.

The medical examiner said he'd also found a wide, ragged wound on the girl's lower abdomen.

"Tests show that the girl was almost nine months pregnant at the time of death and that the fetus had been clumsily removed, perhaps even torn from her womb just prior to death," the medical examiner Dr. Larry Kohl said.

Branded with Symbols

Dr. Kohl said the victim's body also contained a number of old and recent brands "resembling various occult symbols."

Several suspects have been arrested by police but no one has been charged with the girl's murder.

"We're pretty sure we know what this is all about," says homicide detective John Santini. "This is the third case like this we've had in the past two years."

Santini said police believe the young girl was part of a monstrous "nativity" ritual commonly practiced by a fanatical Midwestern devil cult. The cult, which operates in Detroit, St. Louis, Milwaukee, Chicago and a number of smaller cities, is led by a mysterious black man, known only as Tun-Tun.

"The bastards make young girls pregnant and then rip the babies out of them just before they're ready to be born. If the mother isn't dead from their butchery, they cut her throat. It's a sick, disgusting business," he explained.

Dr. Harold Logan, professor of archeology at Illinois State University and an expert on Midwestern Satanism, said the cult believes Satan is ready to appear on Earth in human form, as predicted in the Bible.

"Like Christ, Satan must be born of a virgin, however. The virgin must be both white and a member of the cult. Many parents, cult members, raise one or more of their daughters in the hope she will be selected to be the Devil's mother," Logan explained.

"Once she's picked, she must be deflowered in full view of all cult members by Tun-Tun, who as high priest is supposed to be Satan's earthly representative.

Treated Like Queen

"The public mating continues for seven straight nights before hundreds of chanting cultists. Afterwards, she is guarded very closely for a month. If, at the end of that time, she conceives, she is treated like a queen until her ninth month.

"Sometime during the ninth month,

Dr. Maureen Sycorski, a Chicago psychologist and criminologist, blames the growth of Satanic cult crimes on the increasing use of drugs and the morbid fascination with the occult.

Joseph DeLouise, a parapsychologist who has worked on hundreds of murder cases, claims executed murderer Gary Gilmore was convinced that he had a pact with the Devil and would return from the dead.

Suicidal Patrick Michael Newell, a New Jersey youth, told two companions to help him die by drowning, then framed them in a note he had earlier written.

Samuel DeNicola, 25, was brought to trial for the brutal rape of a pretty young college coed. His defense: "The Devil made me do it!"

she's drugged, led to an altar usually consisting of a gravestone belonging to some Catholic priest, and laid upon it.

"Then, with his bare hands, Tun-Tun rips open her belly and delivers the child. If it is a female, the infant is flung out into the congregation by Tun-Tun. If it is a male, it is given to a wet nurse to care for.

"Tun-Tun then cuts the mother's throat with a special sacrificial knife. If her child is a male, the blood is collected in chalices and passed among the cultists to drink. If the child is a female, her body is taken out and disposed of.

"Since there was a lot of blood in the trash bin with this particular girl's body, it's apparent that her child was a female," Dr. Logan explained.

Dr. Logan said no one knows how many male children have been born as a result of these bizarre rites or what happens to them afterwards.

Predates Christianity

Although monstrous, Dr. Logan added that the practice is not particularly novel. "It predates Christianity and has been practiced in various forms on every continent."

Ritual murders are not committed by cultists alone. In fact, most of them are committed by individuals who believe they're acting out the Devil's command.

One such individual was 25-year-old Samuel DeNicola. When he was brought to trial for the brutal rape and slaying of pretty, dark-haired Patricia Sullivan, a coed at C. W. Post College, on Long Island, DeNicola was outraged.

In a wild fit in the courtroom, he threw his shoe at Judge David T. Gibbons, snarling, "The Devil made me do it!" He was only doing as he had been ordered, he said.

Then, in grotesque detail, DeNicola told the court how he had broken into the pretty 20-year-old's campus room, raped her several times, and then slit her throat with a 13-inch knife.

He explained that the Devil had selected her as a blood sacrifice.

"When I showed her the knife, she didn't fight. I think she knew she had been selected and that there was no use fighting his will," he laughed.

Killed During Sex Peak

DeNicola claimed the coed had enjoyed the rape and that he'd picked that moment when she seemed to be enjoying it most to cut her throat.

Sometimes a possessed individual is commanded to kill himself instead of someone else. This was the case with Patrick Michael Newell, a New Jersey high school boy.

Newell believed firmly that he had a pact with the Devil and that he had been chosen to lead a demonic army after his death.

"Satan wants me to join him; you must help me die," Newell told his two teen-age companions, Richard W. Williams and Carl Wayne Sweikert.

The two youths told police later that it was impossible to refuse Newell.

"He was so weird. I knew I should stay away from him, but I couldn't. I just can't explain it," said Williams.

Newell helped the teenagers tie his hands with tape as they stood on the edge of a 50-foot artificial lake near Millville, N.J. After an incantation to Satan, he ordered them to shove him into the dark waters.

"At first, he didn't sink because it was too shallow where we were," recalled Sweikert. "He made us push his floating body further out toward the center of the lake. As he went under, we kept hoping he would call out and ask us to save him."

Incriminating Note

Terrified by what they had done, the two boys fled to Florida. But Newell was not yet finished with them. He'd left a note in his room at home, and had included their names and pictures with it.

They were arrested, returned to New Jersey, and allowed to plead guilty to assisting in the commission of a suicide.

Cults protect their secrets quite jealously, says Dr. Logan. As a result, many ritual murders involve cult members who have talked too much about cult rituals and other business.

The battered pulp that had once been the body of Ross Cochran, a 7-year-old Californian, sickened even hardened police officers when the body was found in a thicket near Daytona, Florida.

Cochran's body had been crushed "like wet oatmeal" as a result of repeated beatings with chains, according to the Volusia County Sheriff's Office.

Intensive investigation by Sheriff Ed Duff and his deputies revealed that Cochran had been the victim of a revenge slaying by members of a Devil cult to which he belonged.

"They wanted to shut him up. He was bragging too much about what they were doing," Sheriff Duff explained.

Cochrane died after hours of cruel torture in a basement on the edge of town. The bizarre basement torture chamber was complete with an altar on which Cochran's blood was found. His blood was also found on dog chains and broken pieces of glass.

The body of Ross Cochran, 7, was crushed "like wet oatmeal" as the result of beatings with chains in a ritual killing, according to police.

Jack Livingston, 24, a Vietnam veteran, was the man who coaxed Karen Swoboda to join a devil cult. He told her she would be initiated in December, but didn't say the frightful ceremony involved her crucifixion.

The boy's death spurred Duff to take a closer look at the strange cult known as the Devil's Disciples. He discovered they had been involved in animal mutilations, grave desecrations and rapes.

"The rapes were usually of college girls from the north who came to Daytona Beach for the holidays," he explained.

Sex with Dozen

"The cult, which numbered as many as 50 teenagers and young adults, also took part in group orgies, during which one girl might have intercourse with as many as a dozen male partners," said Duff.

Although 15 members of the group were eventually arrested, there were no convictions.

"Convictions are difficult to get," says Jack Lee Covington. "In the first place, the cults are very secretive. But the real stumbling blocks are that many members are under age and, if we get a tight case, some smart lawyer pleads temporary insanity."

Dr. Sycorski believes the wave of occult killings, especially those involving Satanists, will continue for some years:

"Too many people, especially the young, feel traditional religions and moral values have failed. And so they're looking elsewhere for some meaning to their existence.

"And, as long as they fool around with drugs and things like witchcraft and Satanism, the weak, mentally disturbed will prove to be special problems—problems which will undoubtedly culminate in the senseless deaths of many innocent people." ●

Karen Swoboda was coaxed into joining and becoming "Queen" of a Satanic cult on the University of Illinois. Her fate was a horrible death.

DETECTIVE OF THE MONTH

DETECTIVE OF THE MONTH

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The Body-Snatching Ghoul Gangs

When enough bodies couldn't be found that were already dead, they hurried nature along.

By Gene Marr

■ They decided the old man would die that night, one way or another.

"He may kick off anyhow," William Burke muttered hopefully.

"If he don't, we'll do 'im in," William Hare replied in an undertone.

The old man had the fever. He lay on a pallet of straw in Hare's squalid lodging house for tramps and derelicts in the noisome slums of Edinburgh.

His breath came in slow, jerky wheezes and his hands clutched weakly at the straw. His eyes were closed. He had been that way for two days.

Like a couple of vultures, Burke and Hare hovered over the deathbed. They had designs on the corpse, designs that had nothing to do with last rites for the departed.

No Marks

The old man's breathing became shallower. Hare placed a hand on his throat. One squeeze would do it!

"No!" Burke rasped. "We don't want any marks on the body. He can't last long."

"All right," Hare grumbled. "Let's talk it over."

He led the way to his own room, where they sat down and began to drink. Burke was short with a head too big for his body. Hare had a cruel, twisted mouth, cheekbones so prominent they distorted his face, and the black, expressionless eyes of a snake. They spoke in the brogue of northern Ireland.

"We'll use the pillow if we have to," Burke said. "Like the last time. That way, Dr. Knox won't be suspicious. He'll pay us."

Hare's misshapen features cracked in a hideous grin. "Sure and why not? It's prime beef we're selling."

Night had fallen when they returned to the wretched bed where the sufferer lay. Hare held a lantern up so that its rays fell over him in a garish yellow hue.

He's Dead

The old man was stretched out motionless with his eyes closed. His face had a ghastly pallor. A blueish tinge discolored his lips.

"He's dead!" Hare whispered hoarsely.

"Saved us the trouble," Burke agreed.

He leaned forward to pull the body off the bed.

Suddenly the old man opened his eyes! His lips moved! He raised his head off the pillow! His fingers closed around Burke's wrist!

"Give me a drink," he gasped.

Burke wrenched loose and staggered back. Hare grabbed his sleeve and drew him into the middle of the room.

"What'll we do now?" Burke asked in a shaking voice.

"Give 'im a drink! I'll make it kill 'im!"

Picking up a half-empty bottle of whisky, Hare allowed a few drops to trickle down the old man's throat. Then he tilted the bottle on end and sloshed the contents into his mouth so violently that whisky spilled all over the pillow.

Choked On Drink

The old man choked and tried feebly to push the bottle away. Relentlessly Hare held it thrust between his jaws. The old man kicked spasmodically and went limp.

"He's dead now," Burke said in a relieved tone.

"Right. We can sack 'im.

Hare produced a large sack, a knife, and a coil of rope. They approached the bed again.

Suddenly the old man opened his

◄ Ghouls often followed funerals to find fresh bodies.

eyes again! He sat up and stared wildly at them!

With a roar of fury, Hare charged forward, bowling him over on his back. Burke wrenched the pillow from under his head and pressed it hard over his nose and mouth.

Brief Struggle

The struggle was brief. The eyes above the pillow widened into the sightless stare of a dead man.

Moving quickly, they shifted the corpse to the floor, stripped the clothes off, and stuffed it into the sack. Hare cut a length of rope and tied the open end.

Lifting their unwieldy burden, they toted it out of the lodging house into the street.

The night was cold and raw. A rising wind slammed a broken shutter against the wall. A full moon threw lurid patterns of light and dark over the dismal slum buildings of Edinburgh's Old Town. The smell of rotting garbage hung over the area. Dank puddles formed between the cobblestones.

Burke and Hare moved stealthily, carrying the sack between them as gingerly as if it were filled with eggs. Emerging from the slums into the better areas of the city, they finally reached the hill leading up to fashionable Surgeons' Square.

Body In Sack

Half-way up, a policeman materialized in the distance, coming toward them. Frantically they ducked into a narrow alley between two buildings, set the sack down, and flattened themselves against a wall. They waited with pounding hearts until he passed the entrance to the alley and, without looking in their direction, continued on down the hill.

They resumed their trek up the hill with their dead man.

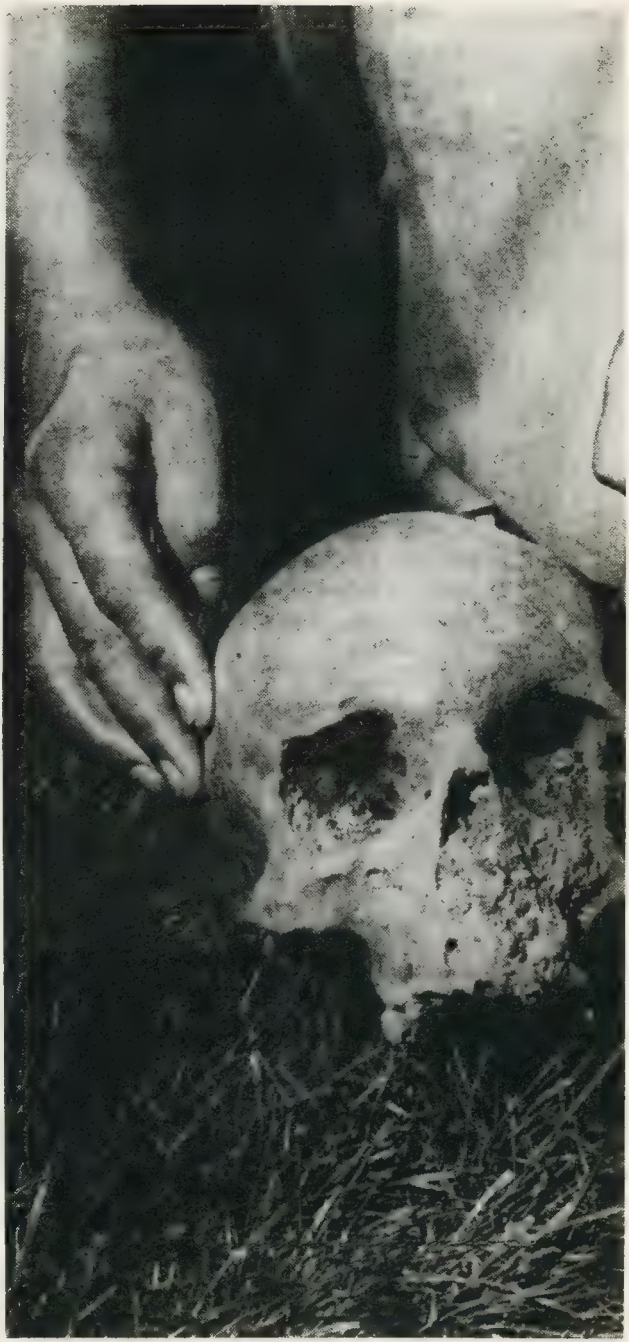
Arriving in Surgeons' Square, they made for Number Ten where Dr. Robert Knox ran the most popular anatomy school in Edinburgh. They mounted the stone steps and Burke banged the large metal knocker on the front door.

The medical assistant who let them in recognized them and their burden. Tapping the sack, he commented: "I see you have what we need."

"Yes we have, sir," Hare replied.

"Just like the last time," Burke added.

The medical assistant turned



Body snatchers often left graves dug up in their search for bodies. ▶

toward the stairs. "They're here, Doctor!" he called out.

"Have they got a subject?" an educated voice called back.

"Yes they have, Doctor!"

"Then show them up."

The two men trundled the sack up the stairs and into a dissecting room where Dr. Knox was waiting. He was a distinguished physician of 35 with long sideburns and a face pitted by smallpox.

"Let me see what you have," he said.

Body On Table

They levered the sack up onto a dissecting table. Hare drew his knife from his pocket and cut the rope. He held the mouth of the sack open while Burke reached in with both hands and eased the body out. It lay on its back, and the gaping jaws, the open sightless eyes, seemed fixed in a look of horror at the brutes who had reduced it to dead flesh fit only for the surgeon's scalpel.

Quickly and skillfully Dr. Knox inspected the corpse.

"Death must have occurred a little while ago," he observed.

"He lived near us," Burke explained. "Died of drink."

"His family sold 'im to us," Hare added.

"Good enough. He'll do," Knox responded. "How much do you want for him?"

"Ten pounds, sir," Hare suggested.

The doctor took two five pound notes from a wallet in his breast pocket and handed one to each man.

Any More Bodies

"If you have any more bodies, bring them to me," he said.

"We will, sir," Hare promised.

"If they're in as good condition as this one, it will be worth a tenner apiece."

Burke grinned and bobbed his head up and down. That was a lot of money to poverty-stricken slum dwellers.

"By the way," Knox concluded the conversation, "close their eyes in the future."

Burke and Hare went downstairs. A moment later they were in the street and headed down the hill. A good night's work was over.

*

Burke and Hare were ghouls, two of the many who serviced Edinburgh's medical profession by bringing in corpses to be used at anatomy lectures. British law in the year 1828 said that only the bodies of executed criminals could be dissected. There weren't enough executed criminals to go around. The "resurrectionists" and "sack-'em-up men" filled the vacuum.

Rob Graves

These ghouls went into cemeteries by night to rob graves. They pried coffins open and stole corpses while mourning was still going on. They snatched the dead from their death-beds. They bought bodies from relatives.

Burke and Hare, beginning as bodysnatchers, worked out a simpler system than invading cemeteries or waiting for the stricken to die a natural death. They rolled their own.

They were angels of death in the Edinburgh slums.

They got away with it because they lived amid a floating population of outcasts—drunks, prostitutes, drifters, runaways, scavengers, petty criminals. The pair of lethal ghouls patrolled the area, selecting victims who would never be missed or whose disappearance could be attributed to their vagabond lives.

Burke and Hare never killed merely for fun. They had a business, and their client was respected Dr. Robert Knox of Surgeons' Square.

*

Burke spotted beautiful Mary Paterson in Swanston's Tavern, a low dive where the poor squandered their coppers, whenever they had them, on hard liquor. Mary, blooming eighteen, came in with Janet Brown, and he recognized them for what they were, a couple of streetwalkers on the make.

They might be good candidates for the sack and a trek up the hill to the dissecting table. He decided to find out.

Sidling up to the girls, he started a conversation that elicited the information he hoped for—they were orphans making their own way in the world. He stood for another round of drinks, and then another. The three emptied their glasses.

"How about coming home with me?" he said.

Mary hesitated. Janet shook her head. There was something unpleasant about Burke. She could see it in his cold black eyes.

He reached into his pocket, pulled out a handful of silver coins, and jingled them in his hand. "Want a bottle? I'll buy two," he offered.

Money Got 'Em

That brought the prostitute around. Burke presented each with a bottle of whisky and shepherded them into the street. They followed him to a tenement, up a flight of stairs, and into a room sparsely furnished with a table, a bed, and a few chairs.

Some neighbors were there, but Burke ordered them to leave. He got rid of Mrs. Burke by hitting her with a glass and pushing her out the door. He and the two girls sat down and resumed their drinking.

Burke's plan was to make them drunk and do away with them. On the sly, he sent an unsuspecting friend to find Hare, who was carousing in another gin mill.

Mary became tipsy. Burke helped her over to the bed where she collapsed in a stupor. But Janet disrupted his plan by remaining hard-headedly sober. She might scream when she realized she was in a murder den. Thinking quickly, he persuaded her to go out for a breath of air with him.

He slipped away on the street and made his way back to the room. Hare was already there with his sack, rope, and knife.

"An easy shot," Burke whispered. "Drunk. Laid out on the bed."

Easy Shot

Hare said nothing. In their vocabulary, the word "shot" meant a victim. They knew what they had to do.

The job proved to be harder than they expected because Mary Paterson had come out of her stupor. She was sitting at the table nursing a hangover.

"Where's Janet?" she inquired.

"Gone out," Burke said.

"She should have waited for me," Mary said crossly.

"She'll be back," Burke replied.

He introduced Hare, who stashed the tools of his trade in a corner and sat down beside Mary. Burke walked behind her and gave his partner a signal.

Suddenly Burke clamped a hand over her mouth and another over her breast, and dragged her backwards, tipping her chair over. They fell to the floor.

They thrashed around as the streetwalker, young and strong, put up a fierce fight for life. She turned and twisted in Burke's arms, and kicked wildly with her legs. When his hand slipped, she bit his thumb so deeply that he groaned.

Help Me!

"Help me!" he grated. "Help me!"

Hare hurled himself onto her body and seized her wrists, wrenching them down to her sides. Burke got his one hand back under her chin and pulled

▲ Human remains littered graveyards after ghouls did their job.

up violently. With the thumb and finger of his other hand he pinched her nostrils closed. Her supply of air was shut off.

Suffocating, she strained against them in a desperate attempt to break their death grip. Pitilessly they held her until she slumped into unconsciousness. She was safely dead before they let go.

Undressed Her

Her shoes had been kicked off during the struggle. Now they pulled her ankle-length dress over her head and tossed it aside. Hare got her stockings off while Burke removed the coarse underthings she wore.

Hare went for the sack. Burke closed her eyes with his thumbs. The sight of her nude body, her firm, rounded, voluptuous flesh, roused his sexual instincts. He placed a hand on her breast and ran it down to her hip ...

"Stop that!" Hare snarled. "We got to get 'er out of here!"

He held the sack open.

Kept Her Body Pickled

An hour later Mary Paterson lay on the dissecting table. Knox was so struck by her perfectly molded figure that he sent for an artist to record it with his pencil. And the anatomist

kept her corpse pickled in alcohol for three months because it was an admirable specimen for teaching his students external female anatomy. Finally he took his scalpel and got down to the anatomy of the internal organs.

The ghouls continued to bring him bodies. An old woman and her grandson accepted an offer from Burke to rest at Hare's grimy lodging house. While Mrs. Burke and Mrs. Hare kept the boy out of the way, their fiendish husbands suffocated the grandmother. After that, the ladies (to use the word loosely) brought the boy in.

"Where's granny?" he piped up.

"Gone to get you a jam tart," Hare responded.

"Come here, lad," Burke said.

Lifting the boy onto his lap, he caressed his blond hair. The youngster smiled and snuggled against him. Deftly Burke imprisoned him in a bear hug and suddenly clamped a heavy hand over his nose and mouth.

A piteous look of fear and pain showed in the boy's eyes just before they glazed over in death.

That look haunted Burke. He would wake up screaming when the boy smiled at him in his nightmares. He kept a lighted candle and a bottle of whisky next to his bed so he could escape his hallucinations by drinking himself into a stupor.

But the murder business put money in his pocket. He soon went back to it with Hare.

Murders Continue

They lured "Daft Jamie" Wilson and plied him with liquor until he fell asleep on the bed. Stealthily Burke moved up. Jamie began to twitch. Afraid he might wake up, Burke jumped him.

Jamie was already awake. He grappled with his assailant and they tumbled off the bed. They rolled over and over until Jamie came up astride Burke, gripped him by the throat, and began to throttle him.

Hare, frantically looking for an opening, got an elbow under Jamie's chin and pulled him off. The three fought a wild melee around the room before Jamie went down under their combined weight. He was biting and snapping when Burke thrust a pillow over his face and suffocated him.

Battered and shaken, the killers downed a tumbler of whisky apiece before sacking Jamie and setting out on their grisly journey through Edinburgh.

Knox noted contusions on the body, but he attributed them to the rough life of the slum dweller. When a student claimed to recognize Daft Jamie, Knox said it couldn't be Jamie—and began dissecting the head at once to prevent any possible identification. The doctor did not like awkward questions about the corpses he used at his anatomy classes.

Killed 16 People

Burke and Hare killed 16 people for the benefit of the medical profession and themselves. Their last murder took place, appropriately, on Halloween.

Burke, always on the lookout for safe victims, found old Mary Docherty. A crone from his own part of Ireland, she easily fell prey to his brand of blarney. She was hungry. He offered her breakfast. They strolled over to his tenement.

A number of neighbors were in the room, including James and Ann Gray. Mary ate a plate of oatmeal, heavy drinking began, and soon a Scottish Halloween party was in full swing.

At its most raucous, Burke went out saying he wanted to get more liquor. Finding Hare in a gin mill, he murmured in his ear: "I got a shot for the doctor."

"When can we do it?"

"Tonight."

They left the gin mill and joined the party. Hare felt grimly pleased when he saw Mary Docherty. She was one "shot" who wouldn't give them any trouble!

How wrong he was! Mary gave them big trouble. Permanent trouble.

As the wee hours approached, the guests drifted off to their own rooms in the tenement. Burke and Hare were left alone with Mary Docherty. They maneuvered her between them, seized her, and snuffed her life out.

Since it was too late to make a delivery to the anatomy school, they put her body on the bed, concealing it under the straw.

Ann Gray dropped in the following morning before they had moved the corpse. At one point she approached the bed, whereupon Burke screamed: "Get away from there! Don't touch that straw!"

Finds Body

She pulled back, wondering what he meant. He said nothing more, but he posted a drunken friend as a guard when he went to look for Hare. The friend staggered away. Ann, her curiosity getting the better of her, parted the straw—and was appalled to see the naked body of the old woman with whom she had been carousing the night before.

Ann summoned her husband, who decided to go for the police. They rushed out, met Mrs. Burke, and shouted at her that they knew the truth. A period of complete confusion followed for the Burkes and Hares. The women tried to bribe the Grays and failed. Then they informed their men.

At a frenzied council-of-war, it was decided that Hare would prepare the body for removal. The women were dispatched to fetch a large empty tea chest from a nearby tavern. Burke rounded up a brawny porter named John McCulloch.

Burke and Hare forced the body into the tea chest before roping it to McCulloch's back. He knew the contents of the chest, but he had delivered cadavers to the medical schools before, and he made no heavy weather about the job.

Burke and Hare showed him the way through the slums and up the hill to Surgeons' Square. The two women, fearful of being left alone in the tenement, tagged along behind. In this manner, the mortal remains of Mary Docherty reached the anatomy school run by Dr. Knox.

It was too late to save the ghouls. By now too many people knew what had happened. The police, alerted by the Grays, launched the search that terminated with the discovery of the missing corpse.

The case against Burke and Hare strengthened when Mary Docherty's dress and shoes were found in the tenement. More than that, articles came to light that had belonged to Mary Paterson and Daft Jamie.

Mass Murder

The case took an uglier turn than the police had anticipated. It obviously involved mass murder.

The Burkes and Hares, interrogated separately, contradicted one another. They had not had time to concoct a plausible story, nor in any case were they intelligent enough to sound convincing. They reached the stage of saying the first thing that came into their heads.

Burke said Mary Docherty had left the tenement in the morning. Mrs. Burke said it was in the evening. Asked about blood in the straw, Mrs. Burke said a woman had given birth on the bed. Hare said it was from a cut he suffered during a fight with Burke.

The public prosecutor, Sir William

Rae, felt that all four were guilty, but he also needed a stronger case than one dependent on circumstantial evidence. He needed a confession. The way to get it was to plea bargain.

"Hare," said Sir William to the prisoner, "will you tell what you know on an offer of immunity?"

Hare gave him a sly look. "What does immunity mean, sir?"

"You will go free."

"If I tell on Burke?"

"Yes."

"My wife too?"

"Your wife too. Just give us the facts."

Sings For Cops

On that promise, Hare sang like a canary. He gave details of the 16 murders, picturing himself as a subordinate following the ringleader, Burke. He sealed his partner's fate.

When Burke heard of Hare's confession, he erupted into an ungovernable rage, rattling the bars of his cell, pounding his fist against the wall, and screaming that Hare was as guilty as he was.

"I'll kill him! I'll kill him!" Burke shrieked.

As his fury expended itself, he subsided into incoherent babbling.

The trial that doomed Burke lasted hours rather than days. Hare appeared as the star witness for the prosecution. The jury found the defendant guilty. They brought in the Scottish verdict of "not proven" against Mrs. Burke, who therefore went free.

To The Gallows

Burke alone paid the supreme penalty. He was hanged in a circus atmosphere. The gallows went up in a public square where thousands gathered to boo, jeer, and laugh at the condemned man. Hundreds watched from the windows of surrounding buildings, having paid the owners handsomely for the privilege of seeing the ogre swing.

The rest of the murderous foursome got out of Edinburgh in time to escape lynch mobs incensed by their brutalities and thirsting for their blood. The two women vanished.

Years later two men were standing on Oxford Street in London when a blind beggar came by rattling his tin cup. One man dropped a coin in the cup.

"Do you know who that is?" he asked after the beggar turned the corner.

"No. Who is he?"

"Hare, the murderer from Edinburgh. Burke's partner."

"The ones who sold their corpses to Dr. Knox?"

"The same."

The notoriety of their crimes remained lively in the public mind. The verb "to Burke" now meant "to murder."

As for the third man, Dr. Robert Knox became an object of public hatred for buying cadavers and preferring not to know where they came from. He seemed an accomplice.

Rowdy boys threw stones through his windows. He was ostracized from Edinburgh society and frozen out of the medical establishment. Eventually he fled to London, where he lived in obscurity until his death thirty years after the scandal that ruined his reputation.

His defense had been all along that surgeons were compelled to deal with ghouls if they were to teach anatomy to their students. No one contradicted him on that point.

The argument against him was that he should have realized he was dealing with ghouls who were also murderers. He should have blown the whistle on the pair who turned up so often with corpses that had conveniently died of suffocation.

If Knox had turned in Burke and Hare, he would never have been linked with them in the satirical verses chanted by Scottish children:

Burke and Hare
Fell down the stair,
Wi' a body in a box,
Goin' to Dr. Knox.

Burke's the butcher,
Hare's the thief,
Knox the boy
Who buys the beef. ●

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THE NEW CHINESE KILLER GANGS

By John Price

Street gangs are more commonplace than chop suey in Chinatown.

■On September 4 of this year three masked gunmen burst into a crowded Chinatown restaurant in San Francisco and indiscriminately raked diners with automatic weapon and shotgun fire. In the pre-dawn attack in the Golden Dragon, five innocent people were killed and another eleven were seriously wounded.

Police said the slaughter had been perpetrated by the Joe Bows, a gang of Chinese youths who had been bent on killing the leaders of a rival gang. Although members of the Wah Ching, meaning Chinese youth, had been in the Golden Dragon at the time, none were injured because they had seen the attack coming and had dropped to the floor.

One week later two members of the Joe Bows gang were shot as they were returning to their apartment in the Richmond district of San Francisco. It was 1:45 a.m., September 10 when Mark Chan, 18, and Michael Lee, 20, were ambushed. A total of 12 shots were fired from a .38-caliber handgun. Lee was killed instantly. Chan was critically injured. Seven bullets were removed from his body. As of this writing he hovers between life and death.

Shooting Retaliation

Police called the shooting a retaliation for the slayings in the Golden Dragon restaurant.

San Francisco's Chinatown used to be an island of law and order. The same could be said of the Chinatowns in Los Angeles and New York City. Their people were industrious, dignified. Children were brought up to respect their parents and authority.

No more. America's Chinatowns today are hotbeds of violence. Youth gangs roam the streets, robbing and shooting their own countrymen. The crime wave is the result of the "new breed," the 10-year flood of immigrants from Hong Kong. These westernized youths are still pouring into the Chinese areas and are making their presence felt in a series of cold-blooded murders which are sending shock waves throughout the nation.

Mr. "C," a notorious Tong leader, is otherwise unknown by police authorities, who have placed a high priority on his capture in connection with racketeering and violence in Chinese communities in New York and Los Angeles.

Chinese gangs prey on their own race in violent campaign of intimidation and murder. Jefferson Woo was hanged from tree and threatened before being released with instructions to pay protection or die.

One Chinese victim of Chinese gang is pulled from sewer by police, who are helpless in stemming dramatic rise of racketeering among residents of Asian communities, once models of civic behavior.

The situation is no less serious in New York. Bayard Street was the scene last September of a gang war between five members of the White Eagles and a group of Black Eagles. When the battle ended, five youths were seriously injured.

Black Eagles

A month later, eight Black Eagles swarmed into the Wong Kee Restaurant on Mott Street. They carried guns and meat cleavers and directed their attack against two 19-year-old Ghost Shadows who were eating dinner. The shots went wild but the cleavers were accurate. Both victims were hacked up badly. One of them was seriously wounded.

Days later, the White Eagles sent three of its members to Elizabeth Street with guns. Their mission was to kill Peter Lee, 15. They accomplished it with a flurry of gunshots in front of the victim's apartment house.

Later that evening another shooting occurred in the men's room of the Sung Sin Chinese Theater. Bing Quinn Lee, 19, was shot and killed by two members of the Ghost Shadows.

Ghost Shadows

Within that same week, members of the Flying Dragons strode into the crowded lobby of the Pagoda Theater and fired on two Ghost Shadows. David Wong was killed and Peter Chin was wounded.

Last year at least 30 people were shot in gang-related incidents in New York's Chinatown. In San Francisco, Chinese youth gangs have racked up 44 killings since 1967. The result is that the Chinatowns in both cities are no longer meccas for tourists. Although the streets look almost normal during the day, they are quite empty at night.

The Golden Dragon restaurant, for instance, near famed Grant Avenue in San Francisco, closes its doors at 10 p.m. It used to thrive until 3 a.m. Other restaurants and souvenir shops on the narrow, picturesque streets also close early. There's no business. Tourists are afraid to walk the streets after dark.

"Nobody comes to Chinatown now," says a man named Leong, who belongs to the Chinese Chamber of Commerce. "Many parties, especially Japanese tourists, have canceled reservations in restaurants." The reason is obvious. The *lo fon*, or non-Orientals, stand a better chance of survival than the Japanese, who could be mistaken for rival youth gang members.

In New York, busloads of tourists still parade through the 200 restaurants, gift shops and grocery stores found in Chinatown, but at night the area looks like a ghost town. The same situation exists in the Chinatowns of Los Angeles and Boston. Neither the *lo fon* nor the older Chinese have any desire to get caught in the crossfire.

Ironically, New York's Chinatown at one time was the most peaceful section of the city. Its population remained at 10,000 until 1965, when the immigration quotas were lifted. Today the city's Chinese population has risen to more than 150,000. About 50,000 of them are crowded into Chinatown. And with 20,000 more pouring into the country every year (half of these settle in New York) the Chinatowns everywhere are bursting at the seams. In New York the Chinese population has already spilled across Canal Street, which used to be part of Little Italy.

FROM HONG KONG

Many of the newcomers are from Hong Kong, where youth gangs have thrived for years. The young ones immediately attached themselves to gangs. Police say that there are about 200 to 250 gang members today, with each group numbering one or two

(Continued on page 32)

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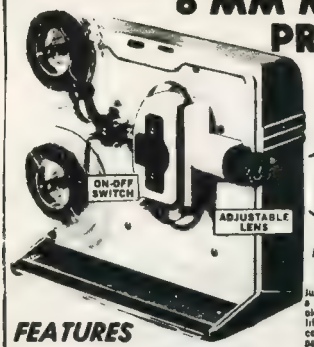

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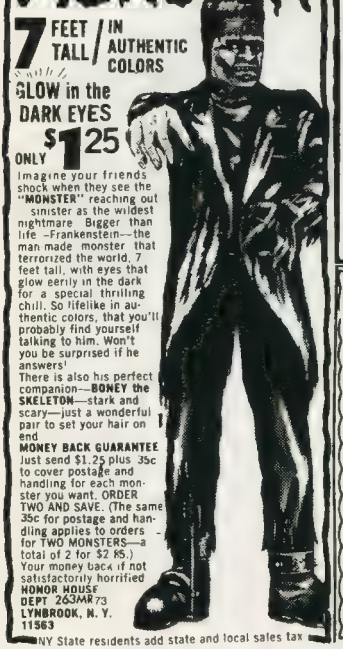

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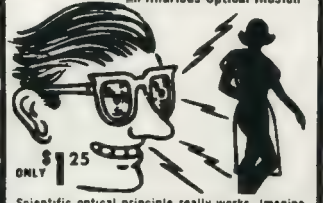

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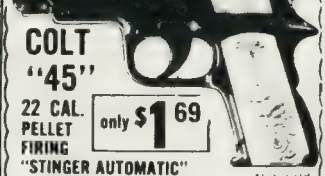

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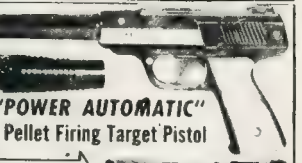

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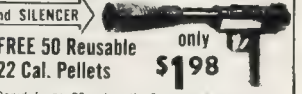

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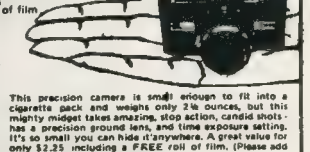

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Plainclothes police check murder scene where Tong member was shot to death.

dozen.

All of the members are males. Their ages run between 13 and the late 20s. They speak a Cantonese dialect and English. They don't want publicity. A youth worker in Chinatown said, "The gangs down here don't go for media exposure like the guys in the Bronx. These kids want money and power, not publicity."

They are getting both. The constant battle among the gangs is for the best territory. Right now the Ghost Shadows are on top. They control Mott Street, which is the most lucrative area of all. The Flying Dragons own Pell, Division and Bowery Streets. The Black and White Eagles, now considered one gang, control Elizabeth Street. The Ching Lee (they were called the Wah Ching in San Francisco) lord it over Catherine Street.

GAMBLING DENS

What these gangs control, mostly, are the gambling dens along the streets mentioned. Most of these

Tongs killed Chinese from Old Country to protect local rackets.

emporiums are in basement apartments and although they are illegal they are tolerated by Chinese community leaders because they provide an outlet for its hard-working residents. Here, residents who have few other outlets can indulge in games of mah-jongg, fan-tan, pi-gow (an Oriental version of blackjack) and 13-card poker.

Some of the more lucrative dens on Mott Street take in more than a half million dollars a week. Combined, Chinatown's parlors rake in more than $3 million a week.

To insure protection for its gamblers, and to see to it that the customers get home safely, many operators hire gangs as security people. This arrangement usually works out fine, but sometimes trouble develops. The Eagles, for example, began mugging the very gamblers they had been hired to protect. The upshot was that the Ghost Shadows moved in on the Mott Street Eagles and kicked them out.

PAY UP, OR. . .

Gangs in Chinatown also operate protection rackets. They approach restaurant owners and other merchants with their " deal." Pay up or expect gang violence. The violence of course comes from the gang offering the protection. Those who refuse can expect to be robbed, burglarized or shot. Or their plate-glass windows may be shot out. They can also expect to have customers in their restaurants who'll sign their checks "Eagles" or "Ghost Shadows" and walk out without paying.

Detective Neil Mauriello of the Fifth Precinct says, "Extortion is a unique kind of crime. It's not hit and run. It's a permanent relationship. They're going to come back regularly. In the old days they'd say, 'Give us some money or we'll kill you.' Now they ask for donations for their welfare fund, or for bail for some friend in jail. They'll even go out to Chinese restaurants and merchants in other parts of the city, and stick them up if they don't pay off."

REAL GANGS

Detective Mauriello, who is 34, adds: "These aren't really youth gangs, like up in the Bronx. Up there the kids are in it for the ego. They care about their jackets and their turf. The gangs here are real gangs, not youth

Chinese godfather, Hang Tung Wan, (left)with his occidental bodyguard.

Narcotics have become a major force in Oriental mob warfare.

Wife of Chinese restaurateur is bound and threatened by Chinese gang after she and husband resisted attempts at extortion.

gangs. They're into getting money. They now have more shootings and murders than any other gangs in the city."

How organized are they? Detectives Mauriello, Phil Agosta and Louis De Pasquale recently cracked a case which had all the earmarks of a syndicate contract. It began on July 11 of this year when Man Bun Lee was lured out of his Kao Wah restaurant at 44 Mott Street by a young man who said he wanted to talk to Lee in private. In a hallway, the stranger pulled a knife and stabbed Lee three times in the chest. He then left the man for dead.

DIDN'T DIE

Man Bun Lee did not die. The wealthy restaurant owner recovered after a long hospital siege. The man was a well-known crusader against crime and at one time had been known as the "mayor of Chinatown." At the time of the stabbing, Lee had been spearheading a drive against Chinatown's savage gangs.

Lee is one of the most influential leaders in the Chinese community. He is the president of the national Lee Family Association and a former president of the Chinese Consolidated Benevolent Association, which represents 60 groups and 70,000 Chinatown workers and residents. After the stabbing the family association put up a $25,000 reward for information leading to the arrest and conviction of Lee's assailant.

Man Bun Lee also represented a serious threat to the Chinese gangs. During the investigation police received information that the Ghost Shadows planned to purge other business and civic leaders in Chinatown once Lee was out of the way.

Police surmised right from the beginning that someone had hired an outside hit man to do the job on Lee. Said one detective, "Chinatown is a tight community. Add to that the fact that police know most of the gang members in Chinatown and you have the possibility that someone was imported. They're not going to use someone who's known to the community and to the police."

BETTER SHUT UP

A longtime resident of the area said, "They're trying to tell the community something—that they'd better shut up."

(Continued on page 60)

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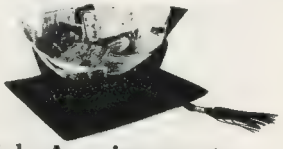

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Maryland police escort David Albert Pfeiffer, 40, entering hospital for treatment of gunshot wounds. Pfeiffer is charged with assault with intent to murder in the shooting of Maryland State Trooper Gregg A. Presbury. The trooper was shot five times after he stopped a car for a routine traffic check.

Hitchhiking is a dangerous sport. Police are searching for 18-year-old Linda Velzy of Woodbury, Long Island, after she disappeared from upstate Oneonta, New York. The coed was last seen on December 9, 1977, hitchhiking in Oneonta after looking at an apartment near her college.

Sleek and sexy blonde Canadian prostitute, Lynne Martineau, has admitted pounding the gavel of Provincial Court Judge Harry Williams in his chambers at least twice.

Under Investigation

Psychic Nancy Anderson of Delaware has been brought in on the Beth Lynn Barr case in the hopes that extraordinary means may have some results where normal police methods have failed. The girl is still misssing.

Under Investigation

Pretty little Beth Lynn Barr of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania has been missing since the day before Thanksgiving. The six-year-old vanished on her way home from school.

Judge Williams (left) leaves court after inquiry into his activities. In addition to charges that he played with Lynne, authorities are also looking into complaints that he has been linked with fraud, influence peddling and prostitution.

Why Gangs Commit Sex Crimes

By Dr. Richard Kahn
Police Medical Examiner

Shackling and boiling a victim alive is one of many aberrant forms of torture/deaths imposed by gangs on their sex victims.

What excites gang rapists to attack women?

■A young girl of 16 got off the bus and made her way home, two blocks from a nearby park. A man watched her from the shadows, a short distance away, and followed her. There was a short struggle. The girl was pulled behind one of the large bushes in the park. There, she was brutally raped, her assailant choking off any screams that could alert passersby. A few hours later, a boy, walking his dog in the park, found her bleeding and in shock. He ran for the police.

The police rushed the girl to the emergency room of a hospital, where nurses and doctors frantically worked on her and miraculously saved her life, despite the fact that she was comatose, had suffered multiple contusions of the face, a broken nose, a brain concussion, and a lacerated vagina which was hemorrhaging. The police took a bedside statement when she regained consciousness, but it wasn't of much use. Her brain had been damaged. She was incoherent and confused. And the rapist was unapprehended. But this twenty-three year-old woman still speaks haltingly, is afraid of men and shrinks when anyone attempts to touch her.

A seventy-year-old woman, carrying groceries to the elevator of her building, was forced to the roof by the only other person in the elevator, a young man, who robbed and repeatedly raped her. When she recovered enough to stand up, she struggled down six flights of stairs and collapsed in front of the super's apartment.

Twenty-four hours later, she was dead in the hospital morgue, a victim of the attack and the long-standing hypertension she had been suffering from. The tenants of the building were stunned and petitioned the landlord for better security. This incident made the local Eyewitness News on TV, but the police never caught the rapist, despite the publicity and the effort.

Another victim, a girl of twenty-five, was more fortunate. She stayed alive to identify her attackers—four young teenagers, who kidnapped her right off the street, and forced her into their car.

Inside the vehicle, the boys injected her with heroin and took her to their tenement apartment. There, they raped her repeatedly, sodomizing her with a soda bottle and forced her to sniff cocaine to increase her sexual

Prostitutes are frequent target of sex gangs, who know whatever crimes they commit—rape, torture, even murder—can be gotten away with, since there is rarely anyone to complain, least of all the police.

Girl gangs pick both men and other girls as their victims, forcing them at gunpoint to commit unspeakable acts, which they later recall at their hideouts, frequently located in a wilderness area far from neighbors and cops.

Many gangs that commit sex crimes are made up of both sexes. They get worked up in gang orgies before finding victims for their perverted pleasures.

These three cases illustrate the typical rape story. Over 100,000 cases are reported nationwide yearly and each year the figures increase. Medical and federal authorities state that there may be four times as many cases *not* reported by the rape victim. Fear, shame, revulsion for the crime, social and personal conflict prevent the woman or child from calling the police. Many victims would rather forget about the experience—if they could—but society now has decided to take a closer look at this crime, now of epidemic proportions.

Who Is The Rapist?

The rapist can be a family man, often quite devoted to his family, or he may be the withdrawn, solitary type. He comes from all levels of society—rich to poor—and from all races.

One fact that all authorities agree upon is that the rapist has repeatedly deviant behavior. That is, he does not have a normal sex experience. Most are sadists to a greater or lesser degree. They will torture their victims in order to sexually arouse themselves. Whether or not they are conscious of this is unimportant. The end result is to force the victim to have sex against her will. If they can, they will frequently return to rape the same victim, in order to act out their own sexual fantasies with greater relish and to achieve a deeper orgasm.

A divorced thirty-four-year-old mother of two children was preparing for bedtime when she heard a noise in the basement followed by the frenzied barking of her large dog tied up in the kitchen. Before she could unleash the animal, a man broke into her bedroom holding one of her terrified children at knife's point. He threaten-

appetite for the horrible orgies to come.

In the small hours of the morning, when her captors were sprawled out on the floor, spent and in a drugged stupor, she pried open a window and stumbled down a fire-escape, naked except for her overcoat. Today, three years later, she still suffers from nervous apprehension, menstrual irregularities and rectal problems as a result of the damage done to her intestines when one of the glass bottles the boys inserted shattered and left perforating shards.

More frightening is her recurrent phobia that one or more of these rapists will seek her out again, since the most the juvenile courts could mete out in punishment was a suspended sentence. All the teenagers were under 18 years of age.

Subsequently, she developed marital difficulties and divorced her husband, wanting nothing further to do with men.

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No. 3 LEZ BE FRIENDS

Watch as the tortured girl's wild, sexual cravings inflame the nurse. The patient's fingers frantically caress her body until, in vividly photographed scenes, the young girl is finally calmed by her own climax at her nurse's skilled, loving hands.

No. 4 THE DEVIL IN HER

He tears off her blouse and bra until her passions aroused, she tries to help him gain his love-goal. His frenzied thrusts and her groans are overheard by her mom & dad, and their sexual climax leads to a surprise ending.

No. 5 CLITS AND DICKS

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ed to kill the child if she didn't submit. She begged him to let her go, but the more she begged, the more he became aroused—and finally, he raped her in front of her children.

After he left, she called the police, who investigated quickly and efficiently. After calming her, they promised her that a patrol car would scout the neighborhood during the next few weeks.

Six nights later, however, the same rapist struck again. This time, he forced her into her apartment, when she had just returned from an errand outside the house. The rapist had done his homework well. The children were still in school, the dog was at a nearby kennel and for the moment, the police were not cruising the neighborhood.

When the rapist finally left, the victim somehow phoned the police. They took her to the local hospital, where she later managed to describe, in detail, the rapist's physical appearance, even down to the erotic statements made by him, during the sex act.

Armed with facts, the police apprehended the rapist. He was speedily brought to trial, but only after eleven women stepped forward to identify him as the assailant in their own similar encounters with him was the County able to put him in prison.

The young mother was another matter. She suffered a mental and emotional breakdown and was sent to a psychiatric hospital where she stayed for ten months. Psychiatric, gynecologic and social help were given, but she never quite regained her previous self-confidence. Even after months of intensive medical treatment, it was still impossible for her to submit to a routine physical or vaginal exam.

As for the rapist, he declared in his testimony that he was unable to have sexual relations with his wife, an interesting fact, considering he had committed over 200 rape offenses in recent years.

A product of an alcoholic father and a stern mother, the son never experienced feelings of love or affection for them and stated that he only got married to be free of them. Extramarital sex relations with other women left him unaroused and impotent. Encounters with prostitutes, who were usually passive with him, left him unmoved.

Unable to express his own sexual or even angry feelings, bitter about his childhood and a failure in his own home, he started raping young girls and children. One of this victims, a thirteen-year-old, ended up with irreversible weight problems and no menstrual periods for the next five years, despite every attempt by gynecologists to help her. Another problem was the fact that the rapist had known this girl. She was one of his own daughter's playmates. Her parents finally decided to move out of their old neighborhood, in a last desperate effort to break the terrible fears associated with her past.

The psychological profile on the rapist is now becoming clear. He will attack any female, indiscriminately, so long as she will excite him. Sociologists and anthropologists wonder if the rapist's desire isn't some ingrained primitive urge, buried in the hypothalamus of the brain, that occasionally surfaces in moments of psychic stress.

They cite, for example, how early cave man communicated his sex interest to a female by forcing her to submit by hitting her with his proverbial club. But most authorities disagree. They feel that the rapist is as much a victim as is his own prey.

Konrad Lorentz, Richard Leakey and many other anthropologists point out that Homosapiens has a destructive urge only because society makes him that way—the so-called pressures of life, acting on a sexual base to produce the rapist or murderer.

The police authorities also strongly agree, citing that the crime of rape can be decreased, if the rapist is caught more quickly. This means that full cooperation and immense teamwork efforts must be accomplished by many social agencies rather than dismiss rape as no more than a nuisance.

In Bergen County, New Jersey, a special task-force has been set up with selected police officers, gynecologists, psychologists and lawyers—all women and men sympathetic to the cause. From California to New York, teams of hand-picked, trained rape experts now converge on any reported case exchanging information with other teams in an effort to solve the victim's dilemma.

Some communities have gone even further. The rapist himself is being saved by new techniques developed to change his deviant and destructive behavior. Memphis Mental Health Institute, on a grant from the U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare, has started a program that provides free treatment for rapists and child molesters. These individuals must come in voluntarily, with no legal coercion. The program lasts as long as one year and varies from patient to patient.

Dr. Abel and his colleagues at the center use a physiological device, not unlike a phallic lie detector, which measures penile circumference. The device consists of a flexible metal ring with strain gauges. This connects to a polygraph, registering changes in electrical output caused by the bending of the gauge from an erection. The result is so accurate, according to Dr. Abel, that it is better than having the patient analyze himself. With the rapist in a reclining chair, an erotic film or tape is played of fancied or real scenes that are harmful that are sure to arouse him. Under psychosexual and psychoanalytical cross-examination, the rapist reveals himself and his potential nature.

Once his true sexual makeup is learned, the rapist is next shown scenes that will "switch him off" from rape, sort of desensitizing him to any future anti-social acts. This is called "aversion" therapy and complex as it sounds, it works—despite the fact that it has aroused controversies and even hostility in the scientific and social community. The age-old belief that the rapist must be made to pay is now being seriously challenged.

"An eye for an eye" in most rape cases, holds true anywhere in the world, especially in certain parts of the Orient. A captured rapist would be castrated, hanged in the town square with his genitals stuffed in his mouth for the public good. This kind of vigilante justice may work well in such communities but in Western society the law cannot enforce such biblical revenge. Rather, penetrating psychoanalysis, superb and humane police rape teams and new techniques such as the Memphis project are the dramatic tools of the trade and the name of the game.

Here are some rules to observe if you are approached by a rapist:

1. *Don't Panic!* Becoming hysterical only stimulates the rapist.

2. *Be Observant!* Try to notice scars, features, mannerisms and peculiar conversation that might be of help in his apprehension.

3. *Keep Calm!* Try to reason as best you can with him, even try to sympathize with him in order to overcome his demands.

4. If you must, *Submit Without a Struggle!* Too much confrontation can

cause you to lose your life.

5.*Call The Police Immediately!* Jot down anything and everything you can remember about him.

6. *See Your Gynecologist* as soon as you can!

7. *Do Not* wash yourself or shower away any semen, blood, etc. The gynecologist will take special tests that can type and match any material foreign to your person.

8. *Cooperate With The Police* as long as they need you! Any additional information missed in the initial shock period will then be evaluated.

9.*Take the Rape as Philosophically as You Can!* Try to consider that you are not an enemy to the rapist only an object for his nefarious desires.

10. Remember that you are *Special* to those who love you no matter how humiliated you may be and that their love will solace you during this trying time.

Only by keeping a positive viewpoint can you conquer the crime of rape.

Finally, why save the rapist? Because of all criminals the rapist is the *One* individual *least* successfully stopped from repeating his deed after release from prison. It becomes then of great importance to the community and the country that every rapist cured will save many women from becoming rape victims. To this we can say *"AMEN!* ●

A prostitute and her pimp: double-murder victims of sex gang.

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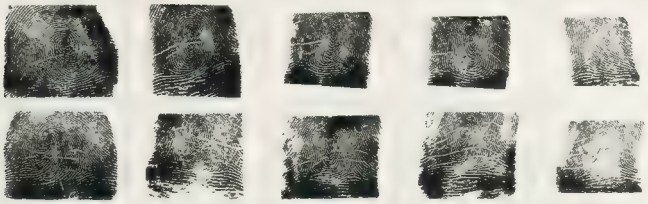

Date Photograph Taken Unknown

Gary Leo Montgomery

DESCRIPTION

AGE 27 born August 7 1950 Meadville Pennsylvania
HEIGHT 5'10"
WEIGHT 170 pounds
BUILD medium
HAIR black
EYES brown
COMPLEXION medium
RACE white
NATIONALITY American
OCCUPATIONS engraver grinder rental manager sales manager
SCARS AND MARKS scar on forehead scar on left hand
SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBERS USED 086 42-7311 086 42 7310

CRIMINAL RECORD

Montgomery has been convicted of possession of stolen property and burglary

CAUTION

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17 O 5 R 000 16
I 19 W 000

ALIASES Richard Gleason Brandon A. Manck Jack Johnson Richard M Nickel Richard M Nickl Richard Michael Nickl Richard Nicholas Nickl

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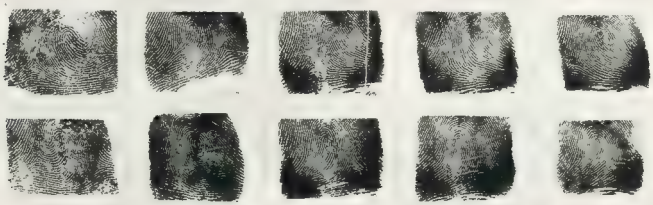

Photographs taken 1967

Richard N. Nickl

DESCRIPTION

AGE 43, born August 6 1934 Chicago Illinois
HEIGHT 5'9"
WEIGHT 160 pounds
BUILD medium
HAIR dark brown balding
EYES brown
COMPLEXION medium
RACE white
NATIONALITY American
OCCUPATIONS bartender construction worker dog kennel operator dog trainer laborer salesman
SCARS AND MARKS scar left forehead to scalp scar over left eyebrow brown mole right side of face vaccination scar upper left arm scar left hand
REMARKS May have mustache beard or longer hair May wear wig or have hair transplant Reportedly suffers from arthritis and may walk with a slight limp

CRIMINAL RECORD

Nickl has been convicted of robbery and murder

CAUTION

NICKL WHO IS BELIEVED TO BE ARMED IS BEING SOUGHT AS AN ESCAPEE FROM CUSTODY AT THE TIME OF HIS ESCAPE NICKL WAS SERVING A LIFE SENTENCE FOR THE MURDER OF ONE POLICE OFFICER AND THE WOUNDING OF ANOTHER CONSIDER NICKL ARMED DANGEROUS AND AN ESCAPE RISK

A Federal warrant was issued on August 8 1974 at Milwaukee Wisconsin, charging Nickl with unlawful interstate flight to avoid confinement after conviction for the crime of murder (Title 18, U. S. Code Section 1073)

IF YOU HAVE INFORMATION CONCERNING THIS PERSON, PLEASE CONTACT YOUR LOCAL FBI OFFICE. TELEPHONE NUMBERS AND ADDRESSES OF ALL FBI OFFICES LISTED ON BACK.

Identification Order 4770
December 20, 1977

C. M. Kelley
Director
Federal Bureau of Investigation
Washington D C 20535

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Motorcycle gang members cut ◀ off motorist.

Savage Street Gangs Are Committing Wholesale Slaughter on the Innocent

Vicious Gangs Cut the Throat of a Minister and Castrated Two Young Boys

By T. L. Larsen

■During the Industrial Revolution in England, gangs of starving children terrorized the population. Passers-by were almost certain to be pounded on by young marauders who were so hungry they would kill for food.

Today in this country, the terror is far worse. The amount of blood being spilled in our streets is horrendous. Those who do the spilling—members of street gangs—are not destitute. They are not starving. If they are hungry for anything at all, it is for blood. Yours.

Reports from nearly every state indicate beyond a doubt that too many of our young people are turning to violence for its own sake.

OUTRAGEOUS ACTS

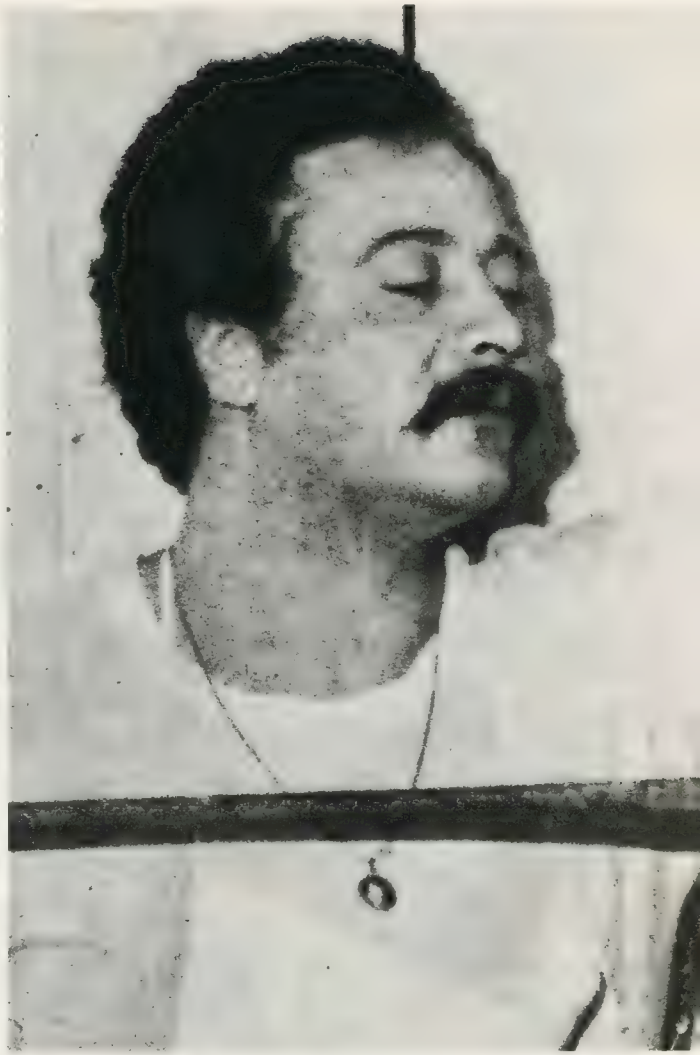
They are committing outrageous acts against the innocents without any apparent motive. Statistics reveal that the very young, old, lame, sick or blind among us stand very little chance of surviving a necessary shopping trip or a walk to a doctor's office.

A case in point concerns a young woman who was carrying two heavy bags of groceries in Miami recently. Two gang members, 14 and 17, pistol-whipped her to the sidewalk. Their blows were so brutal that she fell into a fatal coma. Nevertheless, the punks continued to kick her long after she was unconscious. They walked away, leaving the groceries next to the woman's body.

Another grisly incident took place in the state of Washington this summer. Two teenage members of a local gang approached the home of a 100-year-old minister and asked for some water. The elderly man let them into his house. Seconds later one of the youths tried to garrote him. The other one cut his throat. The intruders didn't take anything. Apparently, all they wanted to do was spill blood. Fortunately, the minister survived the attack.

CASTRATE BOYS

The very young are also selected as victims. In Irving, Texas, recently a street gang pounded on two boys, ages 10 and 11. Both were castrated and stabbed three times each in the heart. As a final act of savagery, the gang decapitated the boys. Their heads were found fifty feet from their bodies. Police probing this case have not been able to come up with a motive for the heinous crime.



Huberto Diaz was assaulted by gang.

Tragically, this is the pattern of street crime which is emerging across the United States. The gangs of today bear no resemblance at all to those that existed during the Industrial Revolution or even those that were around during the 1950s and '60s.

A couple of decades ago, street punks were concerned only with their turf and their prestige. They carried switchblades and homemade zip guns. Their war was against rival gangs. Today's gangs are a far cry from the "Sharks" and "Jets" of **West Side**

Elderly Harry Wilson is comforted by wife, Sonja, after being beaten by youths.

Two young boys were castrated by brutal street gang and then decapitated.

Story. The current crop carry modern handguns and sawed-off shotguns. Turf and prestige are still important, but the real concern is for big money. They get it by shaking down local merchants. They also get it by mugging, which is no longer a one-on-one affair. Youths regard it as an armed, guerrilla-type operation. The victim is likely to be injured seriously or killed. Burglaries are carried out in the same way—as though they are commandos invading enemy territory.

POLICE STYMIED

Police, courts and sociologists admit to being stymied. They are mystified and appalled by what's going on. The young, associated with gangs or not, are robbing, raping, crippling and murdering with a casualness that is downright scary.

The violent teenager is totally without remorse. There is no group in this country today that is more terrifying.

Youths from 10 to 17 are responsible for more than half of all serious crime committed in the United States.

Kids in this age bracket in San Francisco are committing 57 percent of the felonies against people (assault, robbery, rape and homicide) and 66 percent of all crimes against property. In Chicago in 1976 one-third of all of its murders were committed by people under 20. That's a 29 percent jump over the year before.

The youth gang problem is so serious in Detroit that last year a 10 p.m. curfew was imposed on anyone 18 or younger. This was the result of several serious incidents which began on June 30.

BLACK KILLERS

On that date Detroit and Windsor, Ontario, held their annual International Freedom Festival. One of the highlights was a fireworks display on the Detroit River. Thousands of suburbanites entered the city to watch it. Along with them were members of a gang who call themselves "BK's," for Black Killers. When a party of suburbanites entered the Hotel Pontchartrain to celebrate 50 BK's crashed in, jostling people, overturning tables and snatching purses.

The violence grew during the week. When Mayor Coleman Young announced a crackdown on gang activity, roving mobs of youths ran wild in the streets, robbing and raping pedestrians and looting stores.

To cope with the violence, Detroit police transferred its freeway patrols to city streets. The gang then made the freeway system their favorite target. If a car happened to be stalled, the occupants could expect to be robbed and raped by marauding gangs. Many vehicles were "accidentally" bumped by motorized teenagers. While license numbers and insurance information were being swapped on the side of the road, the driver would be robbed at gunpoint.

INVADE CONCERT

The worst incident occurred during July at Detroit's Cobo Hall, when Kool and the Gang gave a concert. More than 150 youths from two East Side gangs—the Errol Flynns and the Black Killers—suddenly leaped from their seats and began attacking the 8,000 young people watching the concert. The gangs' weapons were umbrellas and canes. People were robbed and beaten up. One girl was raped. The small security staff at Cobo Hall was unable to cope with the violence.

So far this year, more than 50 Detroiters have been seriously hurt in attacks by gangs. Five people have been slain.

A similar incident took place in New York City on October 11, 1977, when hundreds of teenagers poured out of a rock concert at Madison Square Garden and swept through midtown Manhattan on a robbery-and-assault spree.

It was estimated that one thousand youths raced from 34th Street to 49th Street on Seventh and Eighth Avenues, attacking and robbing pedestrians and looting stores along the way.

NOTHING LIKE IT

Many innocent people were punched and knocked to the ground. Two elderly women were pushed to the sidewalk, their purses taken. A young couple on Eighth Avenue were smashed with vicious blows, knocked down and stripped of all of their valuables. Every patron in a McDonald's restaurant on 34th Street was robbed. Sgt. Joseph Lacey of the NYPD street-crime unit, said: "I've never seen anything like it in all of my years on the job, not even the '64 riots."

The average gang has a "prez," or leader. If he wants to stay on top he had better meet every challenge or threat. Internal affairs are supervised by a "veep." The "war counselor" plans the "rip-offs" and "gang hits." He also supervises the "gestapo" squads, who are the enforcers. The "armorer" is in charge of the weapons. It's his job to keep them working and in a safe place, either an abandoned warehouse or in a girlfriend's apartment. Some of these weapons include M-16s and M-15s. Police have also found hand grenades in some of those "stashes."

Youths who make up these cliques, or gangs, are absolutely without conscience. They can kill without qualms. In New York City this year gang members went into a subway and sat on either side of a young man

Street gangs without consciences choose helpless targets for their violence, like this old minister, whom they murdered without a second thought. ▼

Gang revenge caused this destruction.

reading a newspaper. They stuck him with knives from both sides, then kept him propped up until they robbed him. After they disembarked, the victim fell forward, dead.

INVADE OPERATING ROOM

The Bronx, New York, has been the scene of violence committed inside hospitals. In an effort to finish off rivals, gangs have invaded them with knives and guns bared.

A surgeon in one of those hospitals had to use his scalpel to chase away youths who had stormed into his operating room!

In Seattle there is a one-family gang of seven brothers, 11 to 20 years old. In the past nine years they have been arrested 192 times. Some are always in jail, but there are enough of them on the street to produce mayhem. Seattle Police Sergeant Dick Ramon says:

"The frightening thing is that they are going to continue producing misery for years and years."

Los Angeles has its problems with a gang that calls itself the Cripplers. The Crippettes is a special auxiliary for girls. To be initiated, one must show proof that he or she has physically injured someone. The Cripplers are so violent that residents who live in their turf must often eat and sleep on the floor to avoid the stray bullets which smash through their windows.

L.A. HAS 1,000 GANGS

Police in Los Angeles estimate that there are more than 1,000 gangs in that city. Officials in Philadelphia say that gang membership ranges from 4,500 to 15,000. Although most of the gangs in the urban areas are made up of blacks or Hispanics, Asians are now making their presence felt in the Chinatown sections of large cities. Many of these Chinese gangs are as numerous as white gangs, and may soon surpass them.

Rivalries have become so firmly established that many of the gangs are often mentioned in the same breath. The Latin Kings and the Gaylords in Chicago, for example. And the Errol Flynns and the Black Killers in Detroit. The Roman Kings and the Savage Skulls in the Bronx, New York. The Wah Chings and the Chung Ching Yee in San Francisco.

These and other gangs have lately taken to invading schools. The problem is especially serious in New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Detroit and San Francisco. There is an almost constant disruption of the education process in these cities, with threats of physical harm being made to students and teachers.

Old lady was considered fair game for cowardly street gang that viciously mugged her.

TAKE OVER SCHOOLS

Not all of the schools in these cities are involved, of course. But in many of them the administrators have been intimidated to such a degree that gang members have taken over the use of halls and school facilities. Money is extorted openly from students and rival gangs are often seen in pitched battles inside the schools as they fight for control of gyms, cafeterias and other facilities.

In Philadelphia, teachers are being trained in how to cope with these gang invasions. In other cities, teachers and administrators have been threatened with death if they dare report violations by gang members. Some school systems have hired private police and security guards. Others have closed down their cafeterias because gangs have taken them over.

If you think all of this is exaggerated, here are four case histories which may change your mind as to what is happening on the streets of our nation.

• **Wilmington, Delaware:** The youth is 16. He knocked down an 86-year-old woman and stole her purse. He escaped conviction. The woman has been hospitalized for three months and is not expected to walk again. The teenager, in his father's custody, has committed three more burglaries. Says Detective James Strawbridge, "He's going to kill somebody someday. He's still out there."

• **Hartford, Connecticut:** His name is Touche because he can handle a switchblade well. He's 19. He's been in trouble since age 11. He's an arsonist, purse snatcher, car thief and burglar. Touche has also slashed and shot people. When a friend of his was locked up in the Meriden Home for Boys in Connecticut, Touche stormed the place with a gun and freed him. Touche is now in a specially built cell in Meriden. He's in it because he has broken out of the place 17 times.

• **New Orleans, Louisiana:** Steven is 17. He was arrested for burglary when he was 11. At that time he was diagnosed as psychotic. He kept escaping from the state hospital and was arrested for 22 different crimes. Four days after he was arrested for robbery and attempted murder, he was arrested again, this time for the rape-slaying of a young nurse.

• **Chicago, Illinois:** At the age of 16, Johnny had a long record of arrests for disorderly conduct, battery, aggravated assault and robbery. His latest crime is murder. He lured a motorist into an alley and shot the man six times with a .22 caliber pistol. At Johnny's trial, witnesses failed to show up in court. The youth is free.

The wonder is that Johnny went to trial at all. Teenagers under 16 or 18,

(Continued on page 59)

Terror In Rural America

The Countryside Used To Be Sanctuary From The Terror Of The Cities; Today Even Farmers Aren't Safe

By Wayne T. Walker

■ Skidding wildly as it made the turnoff from the rural road, the police car roared down the twisting lane to the one story ranch-style home of the Lloyd C. Schneider family. Schneider was a wealthy farmer who raised prize hogs on his farm located about four miles west of Lincoln, in central Illinois.

The siren faded out as the car came to a sliding stop, its red lights still flashing. Law officers came hurrying out from both sides — guns drawn. Every light in the house seemed to be on.

Inside were horrible signs of a frantic life-death struggle. Near the entrance to a bedroom, the officers found the body of Terri Schneider, 17, bound and gagged. Nearby in the blood drenched hallway were the bodies of her father and mother — Lloyd, 44, and Phyllis, 45. All had been stabbed repeatedly.

Earlier in the evening Terri and her friend, Jeff Richardson, had remained at the house while her parents and sister, Cheryl, 16 went into town. When they returned home they found the house ransacked . . . Terri and Richardson bound and gagged in a bedroom. The intruder was still in another part of the house.

Shutting the bedroom door, the Schneiders tried to barricade it and hold it shut, since there was no lock on it.

Someone Coming

"Get the kids loose," Schneider told Cheryl. "Jeff first. Hurry, we may need him. I hear someone coming."

Frantically, Cheryl worked on the bonds. She had just got him loose when the robber burst through the doorway, brandishing a hunting knife. The Schneiders had not been able to keep him out, despite their barricade and their own combined strength.

Phyllis Schneider screamed, "You kids get out the window and run for help. Oh my god, hurry!"

In the ensuing confusion, Richardson and Cheryl escaped through the bedroom window and ran to a neighbor's house, from where Richardson telephoned the Lincoln police.

The following day a 21-year-old house painter was picked up at a local hospital where he had gone to have a lacerated leg treated. He was charged with three counts of first degree murder.

Family Massacre

Outside of Hollandsburg, Indiana, on a lonely country road near Raccoon Lake, a modern St. Valentine's day massacre took place. Mrs. Betty Spencer, 45, the only survivor of the tragic, bloody nightmare was hazy on the details. But she stated that two gunmen forced their way through the front door of the mobile home and probably two others others came in the rear about 12:30 a.m.

The gunmen forced the four Spencer brothers — Reeve, Ralph, Raymond and Gregory — who ranged in age from 16 to 22 years old, and their mother to lie on the floor of the trailer.

"Then, a police officer said, "They blasted them in 'execution style,' with one or more shotguns."

Apparently, the gunmen thought they saw a part of Mrs. Spencer's head blasted away when it actually was her wig, ripped loose by a shotgun blast, flying across the room.

Cut Phone

After ransacking the mobile home, they cut the phone lines and fled in the Spencer family's 1973 model Thunderbird, which was later found abandoned along another country road.

With pellet wounds in her head, back and shoulders the mother walked a quarter of a mile to a neighbor to summon help.

It may not be a pitchfork jungle, but the rate of serious crime is rising faster in the rural United States than it is in the large cities. The latest FBI statistics reveal that serious crimes — such as murder, rape, robbery and burglary — rose by 8 percent in rural areas last year. Murder, alone, increased 4 percent.

As an extreme example, take the 21-county bloc of northwest Kansas — 50,000 square miles of sparsely populated farm and ranch lands. In a two and a half year period, there has been a rash of wanton killings — seven young women, ranging in age from 16 to 23; six children; and a young farm couple have met violent deaths during the past two years.

In October 1976, 21-year-old Dennis Sanders described to a Hill City court how he had kidnapped Miss Linda Leebrick, 23, an art teacher, then beat her to death with tree limbs in an alfalfa field.

A Fort Riley soldier was convicted in 1974 of slaying Miss Elizabeth Ann Bush, a 20-year-old rangerette, at the Milford Reservoir, one of the numerous reservoirs located in the area.

5 Life Terms

On March 7, 1977, a stocky 26-year-old man with fleshy features behind wire-rimmed glasses and neatly dressed in a dark suit stood silently in the Trego County (Kansas) District Court as Judge Steven P. Flood sentenced him to five *consecutive* life terms.

Francis Donald Nemechek had been quiet and impassive during the entire trial. The gentle looks and manners belied the fact that he had admitted and recounted in grisly details of five murders committed in slightly over two years in northwest Kansas.

During December 1974, Nemechek came upon Mrs.Cheryl Lynn Young, 21, her three-year-old son Guy, and Diane Lovette, 20, stranded on a deserted stretch of highway after their car had broken down. Nemechek offered them a ride into the next town in his pickup. Instead, he drove to an empty, isolated farmhouse where he forced the women inside at gunpoint; leaving the boy outside in zero weather.

Raped One

He raped one of the women, then shot them both to death. Afterwards, he drove off and left the small boy to die from exposure.

Near Hays (Kansas), on June 30, 1976, Nemechek was driving around when he spotted a pretty young woman riding her bicycle for exercise. She was Carla Baker, 20, daughter of a university professor. Forcing her into his pickup, he drove to a deserted spot near the south side of Cedar Bluff reservoir and tried to rape her in the back of the pickup.

But this time he had a fighter, she bit him and kicked him hard in the groin. The pain made him forget his lustful intentions. Enraged, he stabbed her again and again.

Her body was not found until three months later when Nemechek's attorneys directed authorities to the ravine, site of her remains.

Paula Fabrizius, 16, was proud of being a park rangerette and enjoyed her work at the Cedar Bluff Reservoir, about 30 miles west of Hays. On August 21, 1976, she was alone at an isolated traffic control station on the south shore when Nemechek approached her and began carrying on a conversation. Suddenly, the husky welder pulled a knife and made the terrified girl get into the pickup with him.

Lloyd Schneider, 44, was among three Schneiders who were killed when they came unexpectedly upon burglar who had entered their home.

Mutilated Body

Driving to the remote Castle Rock area, Nemechek raped her, mutilated her with a knife, then threw her off a high ledge.

If it hadn't been for one critical mistake at this point in time, Nemechek might have been a free man today, possibly unconnected with any of the deaths.

"That mistake," asserted one of the investigators, "was leaving a citizens band radio warranty card at the scene of the park rangerette's murder. The card carried a fingerprint that matched one on file belonging to Nemechek and which was linked to a radio he had purchased the day of the rangerette's death."

Back in 1973, the bodies of five-year-old twins and an older sibling were found in the Hill City vicinity. To this date, their killer has not been named.

Residents in northeast Kansas have begun to wonder whether they are as safe in their homes as their pioneer forefathers were in the days of hostile Indians. The women have especially began to change their attitudes and life styles.

One rural farm woman who works in town not only locks her car doors and windows, but carries a loaded .38-caliber revolver.

Carry Guns

Many of the farmers-ranchers have weapons and are using them to frighten off trespassers. Few farms are without at least one large watchdog. Most of the women, whether they live on isolated farms or in a town, are careful about traveling alone at night and try to avoid getting themselves into perilous situations.

Fortunately, the greatest portion of rural crime is in the realm of rustling and theft. There are many reasons why crimes of this type have been on the increase in rural areas:

- Improved highways and farm-to-market roads make rural areas more acceptable to those who prey on society. They can wheel off a major interstate highway, commit the crime and escape on the same highway—lost in the maze of present-day interstate traffic.
- Rising affluence among rural residents attract professional thieves who steal everything from cars and tractors to CB radios, stereos, TV sets and anything else valuable. It is not unusual for a farm family to return home and find their valuables have been ripped off. The pros can do this in a matter of minutes—they are highly expeditious, systematic and thorough.
- It has been common knowledge that farm families were careless about locking doors when they left or retired for the night.
- A handful of county patrol units are often expected to cover a large geographical area.

Criminal Focus

This recent focus on rural sections by criminals has awakened the farmers, ranchers and citizens in the small communities to the dire need for coping with this problem. Mainly, by alerting the individual to take precautionary measures to combat crime.

The farmers-ranchers are installing alarms, locks on all buildings, and mercury vapor lights to fully illuminate the premises. The old practice of leaving equipment in the fields overnight is changing. If any is left out, it is chained or otherwise hobbled to assist in thwarting the thefts.

When meat prices were so high a few years ago, rustling became the predominant crime in rural areas. The stockmen began branding, if they weren't already, and putting other ID marks on their livestock.

As one rancher stated, "It might not slow the rustling, but it sure increased the likelihood of their being caught when they went to market the stolen stock." He went on to explain, "When we missed any stock, we put out a description of the stock and ID marks to all the stockyards in a wide area."

Take Action

At the same time, action has been taken by numerous counties across the nation to increase and improve their law enforcement of the thinly populated areas. Many county officials are receiving assistance from organized citizen patrol units, who utilize their CB radios to combat crime in their section.

These CB patrol groups work in shifts during the times of high crime incidence, with overall supervision in the hands of a legitimate law officer. This could be a communications officer, officer in charge or someone the sheriff specifically appoints for the task. He is either in contact with all CB units or with a separate CB base which relays information to him. It's like adding more patrolmen to the county forces, without being saddled with more expenses on the already tight-operating budget.

CB Patrol

A northwest Arkansas sheriff explained, "The CB patrol members do not take the law into their own hands. That's where big trouble starts. But they are merely to act as eyes and ears for us. They are simply to observe and communicate as they patrol the back roads of the county."

Already this project is paying dividends across the nation, where it is handled properly and everything kept in its proper perspective. More rural criminals are being apprehended through the citizens patrol reporting suspicious persons or crimes in progress.

One of the principal deterrents to rural crime is *Alertness!* ●

Terri Schneider, 17, was murdered by intruder when she and family returned to their country home.

Jeff and Cheryl Schneider are alive today and pursuing their studies, thanks to a lucky escape from a nightmare in which their parents and a brother were killed by an intruder in their home.

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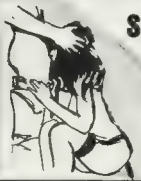

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Angie has breasts that are firm and exciting to touch. Not huge, but bigger than you'd expect on such a sweet, young thing. Her nipples are perky and hard, and they stick out under a T-shirt. The temptation to reach out and make them your own will be irresistible.

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Buy Angie with her talking option and let her spur you on to greater heights of sensual expression. Hear her moan in the ecstasy of repeated climax. Listen to her whisper tender phrases like, "Kiss me, kiss me!" or "Do it harder!" and many others. It's the extra touch that can bring your fantasies to life, and only Angie has it.

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Don't confuse Angie with an inferior competitor with a so called "foam expander" in an aerosol can. The "expander" is nothing more than a can of gas which you use to "expand" an inadequate amount of inferior foam. When the gas leaks out, the doll goes flat. Insist on the Genuine Angie Doll . . . packed tight with resilient, weight supporting foam. There is no substitute.

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HOSTAGE MURDER

TERRORIST TAKES HOSTAGES AFTER BEING SURROUNDED

BY WAYNE T. WALKER

■John Earl Steward was a 26-year-old black man filled with hate. A seeker of revenge. Thanks to an old girlfriend, he had stood before a judge a year ago and was sentenced to two years in the Missouri State Penitentiary. He had been convicted on a charge of "assault with intent to maim without malice."

Of all the girls he had slapped around, she had been the first to complain to the law. Hot tempered, he had always roughed his girlfriends up when they provoked him.

In prison he had made sure he was a model immate. On December 22, 1976, seven months after he had been sentenced, former Missouri governor Christopher Bond commuted his sentence. For most of the five months since his release he had been residing in California.

Now, on Friday evening, May 6, 1977, Steward was back in St. Louis, sitting in a relative's car in the 4900 block of Leahy Avenue.

He watched Yvonne Robinson park her car in front of her home and quickly got out to intercept the 33-year-old black woman as she started up the sidewalk. Recognizing the man hurrying toward her, terror spread over her features.

"Stay away from me!"

Began Screaming

Then she saw the gun in his hand and began screaming.

"Yeah, bitch," he yelled. "You had me sent to prison, damn you! Now you gonna pay for making me a lousy con."

She was running now, trying to make the house. But he began firing wildly toward her and one of the bullets from the .38 hit her in the head. Jerking around, she collapsed to the sidewalk. He ran to the car and was soon burning rubber as he wheeled away from the curb and roared down the avenue.

Five hours later at Homer G. Phillips Hospital, Yvonne Robinson died from the head wound.

At 7 a.m. on Saturday, May 7, 1977, there was very little traffic in Lincoln, a small town in northcentral Kansas. Deputy Bob Bousfield was driving along state highway K-14 when he saw the man standing beside a car in the 300block of South Sixth in Lincoln. The motorist was trying to flag him down; so Bousfield pulled in behind as he braked to a stop. He took in the Missouri license plate.

The young black man walked back and leaned over on the driver's side of the county police car.

"Man, could you tell me how far it is to Interstate 80?"

"About a hundred miles," Bousfield answered, looking him over. He appeared to be tired from driving a long time. "Where you from?"

"St. Louis."

"Where you going?"

"California."

"You're going a long distance out of your way." Bousfield pointed south, the opposite direction from which the motorist was headed. "Fella, I think your best bet would be to drop back to Interstate 70 and stay on it; instead of going north to 80."

Police peer around corner of utility building at farm in which crazed murderer John Earl Steward is holed up with three hostages after high-speed car chase by highway patrol.

Sweating with the tension, Bousfield gunned back onto the highway. While turning the police car around, the deputy observed the fugitive trying to enter the vacant house. The doors were all locked, so the suspect returned to his car and headed back toward the highway. Bousfield swung his car across the lane as he tried to block him off.

Steward hardly slowed as he bore down on the cruiser, then swerved at the last moment. Almost bouncing out of control, the car went through the ditch and back onto the highway, heading south.

(Continued on page 64)

I Want To Miss Denver

Shaking his head in the negative, the motorist explained: "I want to miss Denver, so I'm going north and hit 80."

Bousfield had been on duty all night and had heard several "all points bulletins" (APBs) broadcast by the Kansas Highway Patrol from Salina. Shortly after 3 a.m., he remembered hearing one in particular. It concerned a black male about 30 driving a four-door Chevrolet. The APB had also given the Missouri license plate numbers. John Earl Steward was wanted in St. Louis, Mo., in connection with a homicide.

This black man had a lot of nerve, if he were Steward.

As the suspect pulled away, Bousfield got a reading on the plates. This was it, the car and the man described on the APB he had listened to only four hours earlier.

Pulling out, Bousfield turned on the red light and pursued the suspect. The man pulled off the highway and stopped on the shoulder. Bousfield swung his cruiser in behind him and stopped, red light flashing. Before getting out, Bousfield transmitted "10-38" and gave his "10-20" (stopping a suspicious vehicle and his location). He gave a complete description of the car and suspect to the dispatcher.

'What Do You Want?'

Puzzlement on his features, the fugitive leaned out the window and called back, "What do you want me for?"

His motor was still running.

Bousfield opened the door of his cruiser and jumped out. Using the door for a shield, he leveled his gun at the murder suspect.

"Get out of the car with your hands behind your head!"

Instead of complying with the command, the man hunched down out of sight and sped away; throwing sand over the police car and temporarily blinding the officer with the spinning rear tires. Quickly, Bousfield swung back into his car and proceeded to give chase.

On the radio he transmitted, "10-80 (chase in progress)! 10-80! I am in pursuit of a black male, believed to be John Earl Steward . . . wanted in St. Louis for possible homicide. Need a 10-78 (assistance). 10-20 is three miles north of Lincoln on K-14 and headed north." Again, he gave a description of the car and license numbers.

Speeds of 95 MPH

At times, the two cars reached speeds of over 95 mph. Suddenly, Steward's car skidded and almost flipped over as he turned into the farm lane of the old George Sorensen farm. Unaware that the suspect wasn't turning until too late, Bousfield braked too suddenly and went skidding and swerving into the ditch beyond the turn-off.

Farmer's wife will no longer practice the accordian between chores. She, her husband and nine-year-old son were found dead after police rushed farmhouse in which woman-beater murderer John Earl Steward had been holding the innocent farm family hostages in the final brutal episode of the deranged black man's career of violent crime, ending in his own death.

MAFIA TORTURE AND EXECUTION SQUADS

(Continued from page 7)

occurred over the months, in that it made Sam realize that Leo would not be caught alone at any time in the immediate future. The stake-out was costing Sam money because every hour of it was time away from the street, where money could be put out.

On the way back that day, Sam admitted a kind of defeat and upon doing so, was able to devise another, more foolproof plan.

SET UP

At Sam's direction, Chuck reported for work at eight o'clock as usual on the morning of Nov. 14, 1963. He was installing the plumbing in an apartment-house construction site, and on this particular day he made sure that he had more questions than usual to ask George Erbin, his boss. Having established his presence at work, he left at 11 o'clock and drove home to change clothes before driving to Mario DeStefano's house in Westchester.

"Hi, Mario. Everything ready?"

"Hello, Chuck. No, not quite. We're waitin' for Tony." Tony was another one of Sam's friends who had been asked to help with the killing. Chuck and Mario made small talk for another 10 minutes. When Tony didn't show, Mario said, "Let's go, Chuck. He'll be along. If he don't come, we won't really need him anyway." On the way to Sam's house, Mario briefed him.

"I called Leo and told him that me and Sam got a big diamond deal going and that we needed a big fence. Sam told me to tell him that if he could get rid of the load, he would be rich and that he could pay Sam back and everything between them would be square again. Bygones be bygones and all that bullshit."

Did he go for it?"

"Shit, yes. The whole pile of it. You know how greedy that son-of-a-bitch is. Hell. He couldn't say 'yes' fast enough. He figured he got a chance to get Sam off his ass and make a mint besides."

"When we gonna whack him?" asked Chuck.

BOMB SHELTER KILLING

"Today. Soon as we get him to the bomb shelter at my place."

They were three blocks from Sam's house when Mario stopped the car. "You walk from here. I'll drive on in. That way he won't be scared by all of us walkin' in on him at one time."

Chuck agreed and got out of the car.

When he arrived at Sam's 10 minutes later, Sam and Leo were playing cards in the kitchen. They were laughing and joking as though nothing had ever happened. Mario was busy talking to Alex Valincento, who was there, apparently unwittingly, to help allay any fears that Leo might have.

"Hello, Chuckie," Sam greeted. "Ain't you worked today?"

The question and subsequent conversation sounded genuine. Even Chuck was a little surprised at Sam's and Mario's acting ability. An inflection slightly out of place or the least hint of a forced comment would have been enough to make the already wary Leo run.

"Naw. Not today. We need a load of special fittings but they didn't come in. No use staying around."

Mario came in and said hello to Chuck, asking how things were going.

"OK. What's goin' on?"

DIAMOND DEAL

"We got a deal cookin.' Diamonds. Are you doing anything just now?"

"No. I'm clear till tomorrow."

"Good enough. How about coming along with me, just for the ride. OK?"

"Sure. Where're we goin'?"

"To my place first." Then Mario stopped and snapped his fingers as though he had just had an idea. "Look, Leo. As long as Chuckie's going along, why don't you ride with me? We can discuss the deal. Chuckie here can drive your car."

Leo agreed and left with Mario.

Chuck stayed behind for a moment, and went into Sam's bedroom to pick up a pair of brown cloth gloves and the same .32 revolver he had carried in August, the last time they had tried to hit Leo. Chuck put the gloves on, and after wiping the gun carefully, stuck it in his belt.

Then he drove Leo's car to Mario's, parking at the back entrance. He was careful to position it so that the truck would be hard by the back basement stairway. Satisfied that the car was parked correctly, Chuck went into the kitchen. Mario had been showing Leo around the house, and as Chuck entered, was asking, "Well, Leo, how do you like it so far?"

"Great. Just great," was the reply.

"Hey. You ain't seen the bomb shelter yet. Wait'll you see what I done down there."

"Yeah. Sure. I'd like to see it. Might get some ideas of my own."

START SHOOTING

The three men started down the stairs into the semidarkness. Leo was in front. Mario was behind him, and Chuck was trailing. They maintained that order as they made the first turn. As they rounded the second, a left turn, Chuck and Mario drew their guns. Mario pushed Leo hard. The two men fired. The bullets struck Leo in the head and neck.

Quickly, Chuck stepped past Mario into the bomb shelter, intending to put a bullet in Leo's head to end the killing as quickly as possible.

Before he could bring the revolver into position, a third shot rang out. But it came from in front of Leo. Startled, Chuck looked up and saw Tony standing in the corner holding a gun.

Leo, not fatally hurt by the shots, had fallen to the floor and was lying on his side. "Oh, my God. Oh, my God," he moaned.

Mario put his gun down and picked up a butcher knife that had been placed by the wall earlier. He lifted Leo by the coat and jacket and cut his belt, taking Leo's gun and tossing it against the wall.

SHOT AND STABBED

Mario, gripping the knife firmly, stabbed Leo a few times, deliberately placing the thrusts to inflict pain, yet not to be fatal. Leo was throwing himself around on the floor in agony, and in an attempt to escape further torment. Tony and Chuck stood over him and repeatedly kicked him in the head, ribs and groin.

Mario stepped back and handed the knife to Tony. "Here," he said. "Work on him a little bit."

Leo was capable only of crying, "Oh, my God," over and over.

"C'mon," Chuck said suddenly. "Let's knock this shit off. Put him out of his misery."

"Don't worry about it. Don't worry about it," replied Mario, amid short breaths.

Chuck went to the wall and stood. Tony then stabbed Leo a few more times, again making sure that none of the thrusts would be fatal.

Suddenly the small doorway filled. In it stood Sam, dressed in his pajamas, a suburban jacket, and booties. Without saying anything, he walked over to where Leo was moaning and writhing. He pulled the man's face around to where he could see it, and in his most guttural voice, cursed the dying man.

"You no-good Jew son-of-a-bitch. Your goddamned greed was the one thing I could count on to set you up. Now I'm gonna kill you, but first. . ."

GRABBED PENIS

At that he reached down and grabbed Leo's penis, stretching and twisting it. Waving a gun in front of Leo's face, he told him, "Now, I'm gonna shoot your goddamned balls off."

Leo screamed. "No! No! God, don't! Please don't!"

Sam's glazed eyes and drooling leer testified to the satisfaction he was deriving. He released Leo's penis, stepped around behind him, put the gun against his buttocks, and fired. Leo screamed a long gurgling howl that ended in a choke as he threw up on the floor.

At that Mario took the knife from Tony and stabbed Leo through the rib cage. Leo bucked a couple of times and died.

The bomb shelter was suddenly silent Only labored breathing could be heard as the men surveyed the body. The dim light, making the gray concrete walls of the execution chamber look black, glistened in the pool of uncoagulated blood. Someone moved a foot. It scraped, making a sharp sound as a piece of gravel on the coarse floor was scuffed into a circle of blood by the wall. "Let's finish this off," someone said.

DIED WITH A SMILE

Sam turned to leave, saying, "Look. He's got a smile on his face. Looks like he was glad to die."

Hurriedly the three others carried the body to the waiting trunk of Leo's car. Mario took the knife, and as a final gesture, cut a piece of the muscle from Leo's right arm. Leo landed in the trunk on his side in a fetal position. His right leg was turned grotesquely under him as his great weight fell upon it. The bloody undershirt and sweater were pulled up over his head, half-hiding his gory, dirt-streaked face. His trousers were half off and his jockey shorts pulled part way down. The exposed skin, a pasty white even in life, showed the ugly knife gashes and a bullet wound with its dark, bloody center surrounded by puffed flesh.

Before closing the trunk they wadded up Leo's bloody jacket and threw it in beside him. Then the car was driven to Laramie Street and abandoned.

Chuck went to Sam's house and had a quick drink. They discussed the killing and the disposition of the body. When DeStefano was satisfied that everything was "nice and clean," he began making sure the body would be found—not immediately, but before decomposition began.

The idea of a body in a trunk waiting to be found was titillating to Sam, and he seemed to be exhilarated by the thought. First he called Attorney Ackerman.

"Hello, Ackerman? This is Sam. . . Right. . .fine, thanks. Look, I called you up to tell you about a dream I had. Christ, it was awful! Yeah. . . I dreamed I saw Leo Foreman's body in the trunk of a car. . .Right! No goddamned shit, Counselor! Yeah. He was all bloody—cut and shot up—and he was smiling at me. Yes, sir. The son-of-a-bitch was smilin' like he had a good time! Right. . .Just wanted to tell you. . .See you, Counselor."

Ackerman, Sam knew, would waste no time in telling friends on both sides of the law about Sam's dream.

PAID UP

Childishly happy with the effect his message had had on Ackerman, he described the reactions to Chuck. Then Sam called Bill Roberts, a heavily indebted client, and told him about the "dream." Roberts also called friends. He also came up with the money he owed. The phone calls served their purpose. The body was found two days later.

Chuck finally left Sam's and went back to the office at Frank's Plumbing. He picked up his check and cashed it at the tavern across the street, where he had a few drinks with friends who worked with him.

That night when he returned to Sam's house, Mario was there. They talked some more, but little mention was made about Tony's role. Chuck, suddenly quiet, soon excused himself and went home.

After Chuck left, Sam went to bed. For the first time since late spring, he was able to sleep without being harassed by the gnawing thought that Leo Foreman was alive to mock him.

Chuck, on the other hand, lay awake until the small hours of the morning, wondering from a thousand different directions what mistrust had caused Sam to put Tony inside the bomb shelter without telling him that he would be there.

Chuck wondered, would he be next? ●

SAVAGE STREET GANGS ARE COMMITTING WHOLESALE SLAUGHTER

(Continued from page 51)

depending on the state, wind up in juvenile court, where they are regarded as children. If the youth has committed murder, he may do a few months in jail. Usually, he's sent home before his term is up, or he escapes. One thing every young criminal knows for sure is that he is not going to pull hard time no matter what he has done.

DO IT WHILE YOUNG

On a WCBS radio interview, a teenager who robbed old women at the age of 12 stated: "I was young, and I knew I wasn't gonna get no big time. So you know, what's to worry? If you're doin' wrong, do it while you're young. The most I could have got then was 18 months."

This lack of sufficient punishment for juvenile offenders has prompted Andrew Vogt, executive director of Colorado's District Attorneys' Association, to state: "In effect, we have created a privileged class in society."

It has also prompted older gang members to use their younger counterparts for drug deals, robberies and sometimes murder because they are likely to get off easily if caught.

While police surrounded the home of a young housewife in Miami, a 15-year-old boy was inside raping her at knife point. When he was captured, he sneered, "What're you gonna do, send me to Youth Hall? I'll be out in a couple of hours." The jibe landed him in adult court, but he was the exception.

RARE EXCEPTION

Another rare exception occurred in New Haven, Connecticut when a gang of six teenagers robbed and killed a Yale student. Two of the gang members were Ernest and Erik Washington, 16 and 14, respectively. Because he was underage, Erik confessed that he had pulled the trigger. He told New Haven Prosecutor, Michael Whalen, "The most you're going to give me is two years." But he had a surprise coming. He was bound over to adult court. At his trial in June 1977 he denied doing the shooting. But it didn't help. A jury found him guilty. He was sentenced to 15 years to life.

Whalen said, "He showed no remorse or awareness of conscience. He grinned like crazy. He probably figures that prison is not a hell of a lot worse than other places he's been."

YOUTHFUL SADISM

Even more frightening is the fact that youthful sadism is showing up in children below the age of ten and among girls. A six-year-old boy in Washington, D.C. siphoned gasoline from a car, poured it over a sleeping neighbor and then struck a match. He calmly watched as the man went up in flames. A gang of six girls, 14 to 17, in Chicago, had been terrorizing elderly people for months. Their last crime was the brutal beating of a 69-year-old man. Police Lieutenant Lawrence Forberg said, "I was amazed. They were indignant toward their victims, and none of them shed a tear. This is the first time I've encountered girls this tough."

Many judges are now beginning to realize that if society is to be protected from the violent young, there must be a respect for punishment. If a juvenile commits an adult crime—armed robbery, rape, murder—he must be prepared to be punished as an adult. "There are no ifs ands or buts," says one NYPD homicide detective. "The laws have to be changed. The idea was to protect kids who had minor skirmishes with the law from getting a record. This kind of treatment was not made for 14- and 15-year-old killers." •

THE NEW CHINESE KILLER GANGS

(Continued from page 34)

Other residents said that a number of court cases pending against gang members would be jeopardized if that message to "shut up" got through to the community. Captain Allan Hoehl, in charge of the Elizabeth Street precinct, stated that Lee had had a key role in developing community resistance to organized crime. "If he comes out of the hospital and crawls into a shell, we are going to have some problems."

Two months later, September 10, Chik Keung Pang, 25, was arrested in Seattle while attempting to cross the border into Canada. He was charged with the attempted murder of Man Bun Lee. Immigration officials brought him to New York and turned him over to detectives at the Elizabeth Street station.

Police say Pang had come to New York from California about nine months earlier and had settled in with the Ghost Shadows. According to detectives working on the case, the hired assassin had been paid $5,000 for the hit and was to receive another $5,000 if his victim had died. Probers stated that after the attempted murder, Pang had fled to the Ghost Shadows headquarters on Mott Street and had then left for San Francisco, where he stayed with friends who had no knowledge of his alleged crime.

As of this writing, Detectives Mauriello, Agosta and De Pasquale are working to nail the people who had reportedly hired Pang.

COUPLE SHOT

The incident has done nothing to reduce the crime waves and gang activities in any of the Chinatown areas. On September 18 of this year a couple was shot in San Francisco by three masked gunmen who had just robbed the participants of a mah-jongg game.

The gunmen had taken money from 20 women playing the Chinese equivalent of dominoes when they encountered Johnny Lee, 40, and his woman companion Jennie Lyn, 39. Lee was armed and carrying $2,500 in cash. The garage owner tried to resist the gunmen's attempt to rob him and was shot dead. Jennie Lyn was also shot, but survived her wounds.

Police in San Francisco described the weapons that were used on Lee and Lyn as being "powerful." The firearms used by the New York Chinese gangs are also powerful. Many of the members use Lugers and Walther automatics costing up to $300 and $400.

When the 27-year-old leader of the Flying Dragons was arrested for the October killing at the Pagoda Theater, police searched his quarters and found a shotgun, a carbine, two revolvers, an automatic pistol and a dozen boxes of ammunition.

START SHOOTING

Detective Mauriello says: "None of this shooting is close up. And none of these guys knows anything about karate or kung fu. You'll get a couple of Ghost Shadows and they'll take some guns and go out for a ride, looking for some Flying Dragons. They'll just pull up in a car, jump out and start shooting."

They have not had training in small-arms firing. They are not at all accurate, which explains why so many bystanders are often hit by flying lead. What many of them do have, especially the younger members, is a driving urge to build themselves a reputation among their peers. That explains why they'll often barge into a restaurant and fire away at innocent people, hoping to kill rivals in the process. They want to hear their fellow members say, "Wow, he's got guts!"

The problem as police and civic leaders see it is one of economics. Gang members are mostly high school dropouts who are unable to find jobs. Besides language difficulties, they are likely to run into job discrimination. Even if they finish high school they can expect to find jobs, if they're lucky, in restaurants or laundries. The opportunities for anything better are few and far between.

BRIGHT CRIME PICTURE

For them, the picture is much brighter in crime. The money they get by offering protection to gamblers or through extortion is far greater. The leader of a Chinese gang can pull down as much as $1,000 a week. The lowliest member can make $100 to $200 weekly. The average member makes $300 to $350 a week. Their question to outsiders defies an answer: "How can we make as much money cleaning somebody else's clothes in a laundry, or waiting tables?"

Said one social worker in the area: "When they war, they're not fighting against society. They're just fighting the other gangs for power and money. They are very much into American values, with the big cars and the big money. The macho image has a lot to do with it. The marital arts and the street image are very important to their 'face.' It's very much of a peer pressure thing. Their presence has to be known. A gang is not effective if people don't see them on the streets. When they pace up and down the streets, they feel very powerful. They know people fear them, so they just naturally see themselves as the new warrior class of Chinatown."

A middle-aged Chinese businessman in San Franisco voices the resentment felt by most of the older people who have lived productive lives in their Chinese community. He said, "Those Hong Kong teenagers have come over here and spoiled our good name. They think they are better than we are. They refuse to accept jobs in restaurants, laundries and groceries. They are not used to work. All they want to do is hang around Chinatown

all day and get into trouble."

FEAR RETALIATION

Is the situation likely to change? Hardly. The older Chinese are traditionally close-mouthed. They don't trust authorities who are not Chinese. They fear retaliation from the young gangs. Police hope that the stabbing of Man Bun Lee won't put the lid on their efforts to clean up the area. Unfortunately, it already has.

Man Bun Lee had been making strong inroads into ridding Chinatown of the criminal element. He was stopped because of that and not because the Ghost Shadows and the other gangs were afraid that the good people would start talking.

The brazen teenagers know the Chinese residents won't cooperate with police even after they have been victimized by the gangs. The day after the Bayard Street shooting (more than 20 shots had been fired), detectives questioning residents on the block ran into a solid wall of silence. No one had heard the firing. Many of them had suddenly forgotten how to speak English.

Many of the solid residents of Chinatown will go so far as to openly deny any knowledge of troubles with the youth in the area. Joseph Mei, vice president of the Chinese Consolidated Benevolent Association, says: "We have no problem at all about the young gangs in Chinatown."

What he is really saying is that as long as everyone keeps his mouth shut there will be no problem. If you tell the cops you are having trouble with Chinese gangs, you are likely to be killed.

Because of that attitude you can expect to see an increase in the shedding of blood in all of the Chinatowns in the United States. •

PUNKS PLUNDER, TORTURE, MURDER AMERICA'S FRAGILE SENIOR CITIZENS COAST-TO-COAST

(Continued from page 9)

beatings during 1976. It was so bad that the New York City Police Department felt it necessary to organize a special Senior Citizens Robbery Unit.

Few Cases Investigated

"The various crimes against old people that are actively investigated," according to Detective Sgt. James Bolte, head of the Bronx special robbery unit, "represent only a third of such cases reported to the police. In turn, the estimated 1,800 cases represent only half of the crimes, because many elderly victims of robberies are either too afraid or too disillusioned to report them."

Bolte also pointed out, "These figures don't even take into account simple purse snatchings on the street. The chances of solving them are one in a million, and we don't have the capability of investigating, or even reporting, them."

The Bronx has an estimated 250,000 elderly, out of a population of two million more and most of them are living a life of abject fear and utter hopelessness.

"We find some of them in their apartments with no food in the refrigerators, the garbage piled up because they are afraid to take it out. They are sleeping on newspapers because they won't go out to do the laundry," related Bolte. "That's how great the fear is."

Trying to reach every senior citizen they possibly can, the members of the special unit explain to them how to take precautions—always lock their doors, to get extra locks for doors and windows, to always travel in groups of two or three, and not to let just anyone in who knocks on the door.

After a suspect in a crime on an elderly person is arrested, the unit follows through by giving the senior citizens a ride to court and also has it set up so when an elderly person comes into court, his case comes right up rather than make him sit six or seven hours. Then they take him home and let him know they're with him.

No Respect for Elderly

"That was part of the battle," explained Bolte. "They were afraid to testify or follow up . . . what you really have to do to stop these crimes is to change people's values. Right now, there's no respect for the elderly."

This year, the crime rate in the Bronx is dropping sharply, but fear among the elderly is still there. An elderly German couple committed suicide together, a few days after intruders broke into their apartment and slashed the 76-year-old woman's face with a knife. They left a note saying they "were tired of living in fear" and had become despondent about rising crime in the neighborhood where they had lived most of their lives.

Some of the elderly in the northern cities fled to Florida, thinking to escape the cold and the terror of the young street demons. They found the warmth, on the most part, but some learned the hard way that the hoodlum element had preceded them.

Ben Burack left the Bronx in 1972, breaking his yoke of fear. He was mugged as he got off the bus on Collins Avenue in Miami Beach. It was still around him.

Another former New York City resident was not as fortunate as Burack . . . she failed to live through her experience with the Florida goons. Sarah Kirsch, 70, never hesitated to admit she moved to Miami Beach to escape from crime.

One night she was visiting a sick friend, Ester Josephson, 77, with Adelaide Slouss, 81, when there was a knock on the door. They had been expecting another lady, so Sarah went to open it. Two young men with guns and a knife pushed their way in and tied up the three women.

"Don't make a sound and we won't hurt you," one of them snarled. "We just want money."

Ester gave them $40 and Adelaide turned over $85, but poor Sarah had only three cents.

We'll Fix You

Angry, one of the men said, "We'll fix you for that." They began hitting her on the head.

Sobbing in fear, Adelaide pleaded, "Please, don't do that . . . Stop!" One of them turned around and hit her.

Finally, they quit beating on Sarah and proceeded to tape, gag and tie the three women up with an electric cord. After this they cut the phone wire, tore up the apartment and took everything of any value—small safe box, jewelry, checkbook, even Ester's medicines. For an hour and 10 minutes the fiends stayed around, taking time to nonchalantly drink some soft drinks from the refrigerator.

Meantime, Ester watched her friend Sarah die of suffocation from the tight gag, powerless to help her!

In another heinous attack on a

senior citizen, a 64-year-old woman, nicknamed "The Cat Lady of Miami Beach," was severely beaten in an alley while indulging in her favorite pastime—feeding stray cats. Mary Burns had spent 20 years working to feed, pay and find homes for stray cats in Miami Beach. She hadn't been robbed.

The Miami police are searching for a man who they say "has a particular fetish for preying on the elderly." They have attributed at least one death to him.

During the past year, approximately 30 old people in St. Petersburg have been victimized by two gangs—one on the north side of town, the other on the south side. Robbery and rape seem to be their specialties.

A police emergency operator in Detroit, Michigan, was negligent in his duties and an 80-year-old woman, who was beaten by intruders, lay dying on the floor of her home for two days because the operator ignored her husband's pleas for help.

Police Ignored Plea

Frightened by a kicking at the front door early on a Sunday morning, Leo Salakin, 79, called the special 911 police emergency number. Instead of dispatching a squad car, the operator repeatedly told Salakin to answer the door because it might be a neighbor in need of help. Two squad cars in the area could have reached the home within minutes, according to Police Chief Philip Tannian.

A short time later, two or more unknown assailants broke through the door and attacked the old couple. They struck Mrs. Salakin on the head five times with a blunt instrument and beat her husband severely. After they left, the couple lay helpless on the floor of their home. Salakin survived but was unable to summon help. They were finally discovered on Wednesday afternoon when a neighbor called police because the couple hadn't been seen.

According to one government-funded study in 1976, the senior citizens are more apt to become crime victims if they reside in the same low-income housing projects wth numerous children. Oscar Newman, architect and recognized authority on crime in housing projects, prepared the book-length report after research financed by LEAA and the Department of Housing and Urban Development.

Newman suggested that the elderly and young people tend to irritate each other and should never be mixed in the same apartment buildings. He maintained that the youth in low-income housing projects are responsible for thefts and vandalism directed at their elderly neighbors.

However, his work has produced much controversy among law enforcement and housing specialists.

Policeman Helps Elderly

One Housing Authority policeman in New York City decided to do something besides speculate on the causes: he went to work on prevention. Liddon Griffith began teaching a course to the senior citizens on self-defense against young criminals. He teaches in senior-citizens' centers, church basements and hospital community rooms; stressing preventive techniques more than self-defense.

He recommends that the elderly travel in groups, call each other frequently, avoid isolation, and not cash their Social Security checks on the same day and at the same time each month.

One of the self defense techniques Griffith puts forth is using their canes as weapons. "But," he advises, "don't swing your cane, use it like you would a bayonet—thrust!"

One elderly man in Wilmington, Delaware, made plans with his wife if someone tried to break into their apartment.

"We take all precautions to prevent it—use the lock and bolt," he stated. "My wife and I have it all worked out. If they tried to break through the chain, she would get right on the phone. I would use instruments that I have available to prevent anything happening to us."

"Do your instruments include a gun?" he was asked.

"That's a little personal," he answered, "but I don't care. Yes, I have one. I bought it several years ago."

Even Nursing Homes Unsafe

Nevertheless, even a nursing home proved it wasn't adequate protection for a 76-year-old man in St. Louis. Residents of the nursing home reported hearing screams coming from his room one night, but no one called the police until the following day when he was found stabbed to death. There was no motive and no suspect.

One of the attendants asserted it was nothing strange to hear an emotionally upset old person scream out in the night, and, most of the time, they left them alone. After awhile they would quiet down.

Like the Wilmington man, an 80-year-old woman in Tulsa, Oklahoma, kept a handgun for her protection. One night a young woman tried to force her way into the old woman's house, screaming obscenities and threatening to kill her. The elderly woman picked up her .32-caliber revolver and fired two shots through the door, striking the would-be intruder in the arm and abdomen.

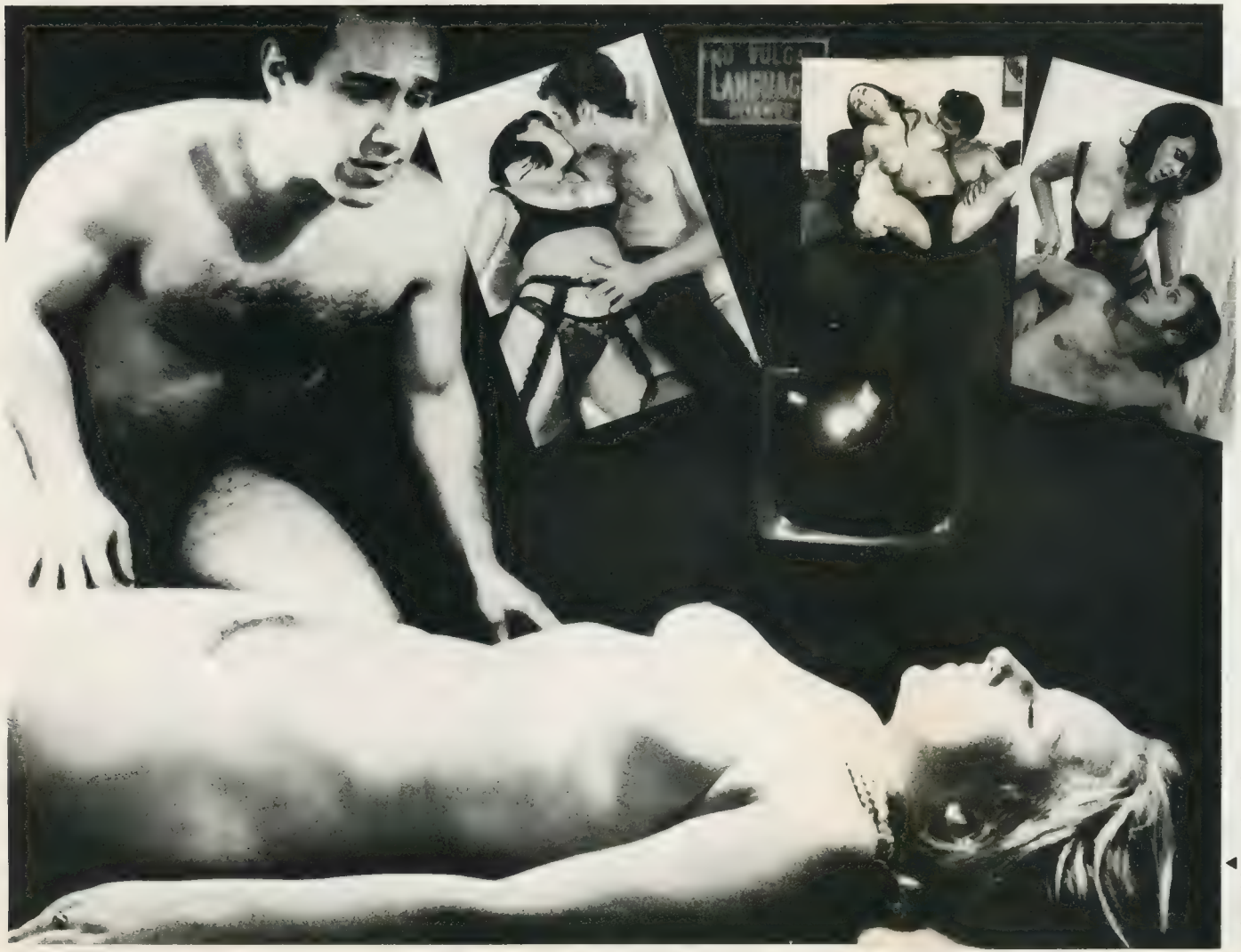
"Oh, I was frightened," the elderly woman said. "I didn't know whether the old gun would even shoot or not, but it did."

No Escape

No matter where you go, it's a major concern with the elderly. They know that the predators are out there, stalking the sickest and the weakest. These "human animals" prefer to get their victims inside their homes where they can take their time, ransack their houses for money and valuables, beat or torture the people, demanding to know where money is hidden—whether there is any or not.

Predators used to be killed or put in cages. But now they are often put right back out on the streets on probation because of overloaded courts and crowded prisons.

Numerous cities and communities



Murdered old folks have become a growing crime statistic, seemingly unnoticed by those in our society who establish priorities and fail to provide adequate protection to that segment of our population that, perhaps more than any other, deserves our appreciation and concern.

have initiated various plans and put them into operation across the nation, but until people, especially the younger ones, change their moral tone and attitudes toward the senior citizens, the terror will continue to dominate the lives of the elderly . . . ●

FUGITIVE CAPS FLIGHT

(Continued from page 57)

Meantime, Lincoln County Sheriff Don Panzer was enroute north at the K-18 and K-14 intersection, a mile north of Lincoln, when he heard the radio report of the change of direction. He went to the Mobil station at the corner and ordered a road block set up north of the intersection.

However, the chase didn't make it as far as the blockade. A mile south of the Sorensen farm, Steward turned into the drive of the Leonard Wiebke grain and cattle farm.

Hearing the squealing tires and roar of the car speeding up the lane, Mrs. Wiebke came outside to investigate the arrival of the strange car. Before she could grasp her danger, Steward left his car, grabbed her arm and took her back into the house.

It was about 7:20 a.m. when Bousfield radioed for assistance as he had a hostage situation. No more than 20 minutes had expired since the deputy sheriff had been flagged down by the fugitive.

Snipers Deployed

By this time, additional police units had been responding. Soon, as many as 12 to 15 Kansas Highway Patrol troopers, several officers from the Saline County Sheriff's department, Beloit Police Department, Mitchell County Sheriff, Ottawa County Sheriff's Department, and perhaps others, converged on the scene. Snipers were deployed around the home, with orders to pick off the fugitive if an opportunity offered itself.

Sheriff Don Panzer used the public address system in his car in several attempts to talk to the suspected murderer, but Steward ignored him.

Finally, Panzer directed his office dispatcher to phone the Weibke home. A communication line was set up whereby the officers at the scene could get messages to and from the house via phone from the Weibke home to the sheriff's office and radio from office to patrol cars at the scene. This was about 7:45 a.m.

Reaching the house by phone, dispatchers on duty talked with both Mrs. Weibke and Steward. It was determined by talking to the farm woman that Steward had three hostages—herself, her husband Leonard and their 19-year-old son Terry. A student at the Beloit North Central Kansas Area Vo-Tech school where he was studying diesel mechanics, Terry had come home on Friday evening for a weekend visit.

'I'll Leave 'em Unharmed'

For over an hour, Panzer negotiated with Steward for the release of the hostages. At one point Steward stated: "Park a police car close to the house and clear the area . . . I'll leave them here in the house, unharmed."

This was turned down by the officers. Through further communications, Steward conceded he would let the family crawl out the front door and he would leave the house through a south window and drive away in the Weibke car, which was already parked south of the house. Later, he altered this plan slightly when he decided he would use the hostages as a shield to walk to the car.

The plan was agreed to by the officers and at 9:30, all police cars were cleared out of the area and the stage was set for Steward to attempt his escape.

By 10 a.m. nothing had taken place and Panzer had his office try to contact the house again. Repeated attempts were made until about 10:45, but no phone contact could be made.

Another 15 minutes passed . . . still no contact. In fact, there had been no contact since the 9:30

Woman-beater John Earl Steward, who killed his victim for turning him in, later added three hostages to his death list before taking his own life in an isolated farm house where he sought refuge after hair-raising car chase by police. ▼

agreement had been reached. At 11 a.m. the officers decided to rush the house and began firing tear gas cartridges into the house. As the lawmen rushed the farm house, they were followed by two units from the Lincoln Rural Fire Department, in case the tear gas car ridges started a fire.

'My God, No!'

Up to this time, everything had been quiet. The situation inside the house had been unknown since 9:30. One of the first officers inside the house saw four bodies on the floor and exclaimed, unbelievingly—"My God, no!"

No shots had been heard by any of the officers at any time during the morning vigil; yet all three victims and their assailant were shot to death. A .22 caliber hand gun had been used on the farm family, while Steward had shot himself with the same .38 caliber gun he had used to kill Yvonne Robinson in St. Louis. He had shot Leonard Weibke in the side of the head, his wife Ester in the chest and back of the head, and Terry in the head.

It was learned later that the .22 caliber pistol used was reported stolen in November 1976, in Oakland.

On the following Wednesday afternoon, schools and businesses in the small Kansas town were closed for the funeral of the highly-respected and loved farm family slain by the fugitive. Townspeople filled the 400-plus seats in the Methodist Church and overflowed to the outside during the 35-minute service.

Among those who attended were Sheriff Don Panzer and his deputy, Bob Bousfield. They had both done a great deal of second-guessing since the tragedy.

The sheriff shook his head, saying sadly, "All of us have been working it over in our minds, trying to figure out what we could have done differently. I don't think there was anything else we could have done." ●

An appeal to all who believe in freedom of the press and abhor murder by those who are exposed.

It happened in Phoenix, Arizona on June 12, 1976. Don Bolles entered his car, and a bomb exploded—tearing his body into five parts. All efforts to save him failed; he died on June 17.

Many of us in the North Jersey Press Association knew Don well, for he started his career at the Bergen Record. Possibly, you knew him and his family as neighbors.

Don was an investigative reporter, exposing crime and the crime establishment, revealing ineptitudes and wrong-doing in government.

In 1962 he accepted an offer from the Phoenix, Arizona Republic, a newspaper which was committed to the purpose of pinpointing those who were responsible for the alarming conditions of crime and corruption which pervaded the state.

Because Don was a dedicated and fearless reporter, he was regarded as a dangerous enemy by many in the ranks and in the hierarchies of crime and corruption. He did his job well. His reward was violent death and his legacy was a large bereaved family without a breadwinner.

Don is survived by his widow, Rosalie, and by their seven children—the youngest of whom is six. His family needs help, your help and ours. Will you please join us in coming to their aid, with any contribution that you can make—large or small. We can do no more, but certainly no less than helping to ease the economic loss which Don's widow and his children have suffered.

DON BOLLES
1929-1976

Last week, as he went about his work,
He was cold-bloodedly murdered,
In a monstrous way,
At the age of forty-seven,
Leaving behind a wife who called him Don,
And seven children (the youngest but six)
Who called him Dad.

The above verse was written
by Don's brother, Richard.

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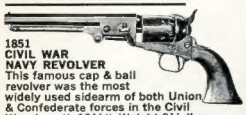

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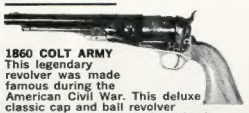

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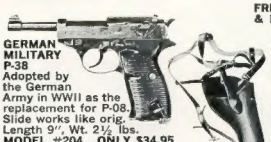

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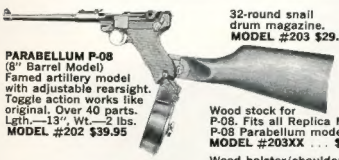

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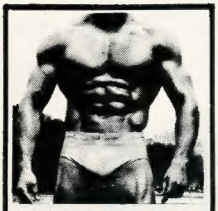

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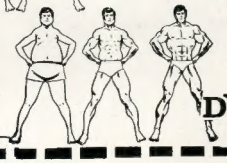

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- ☐ **LEGS** — Put some muscle on those spindly legs! Muscular legs will give you extra power like you've never dreamed possible!
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